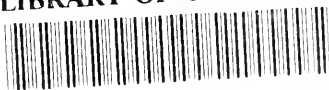
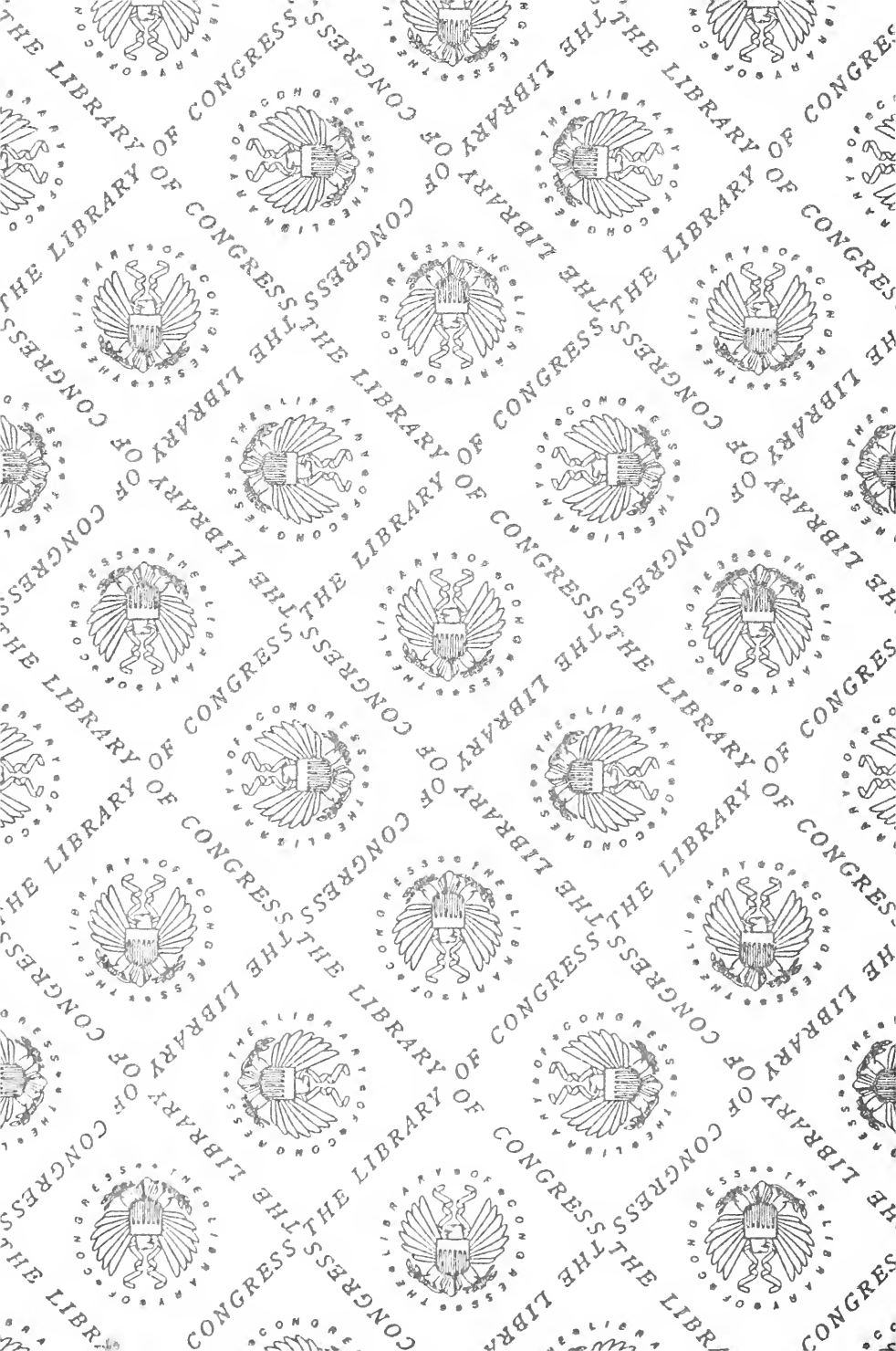
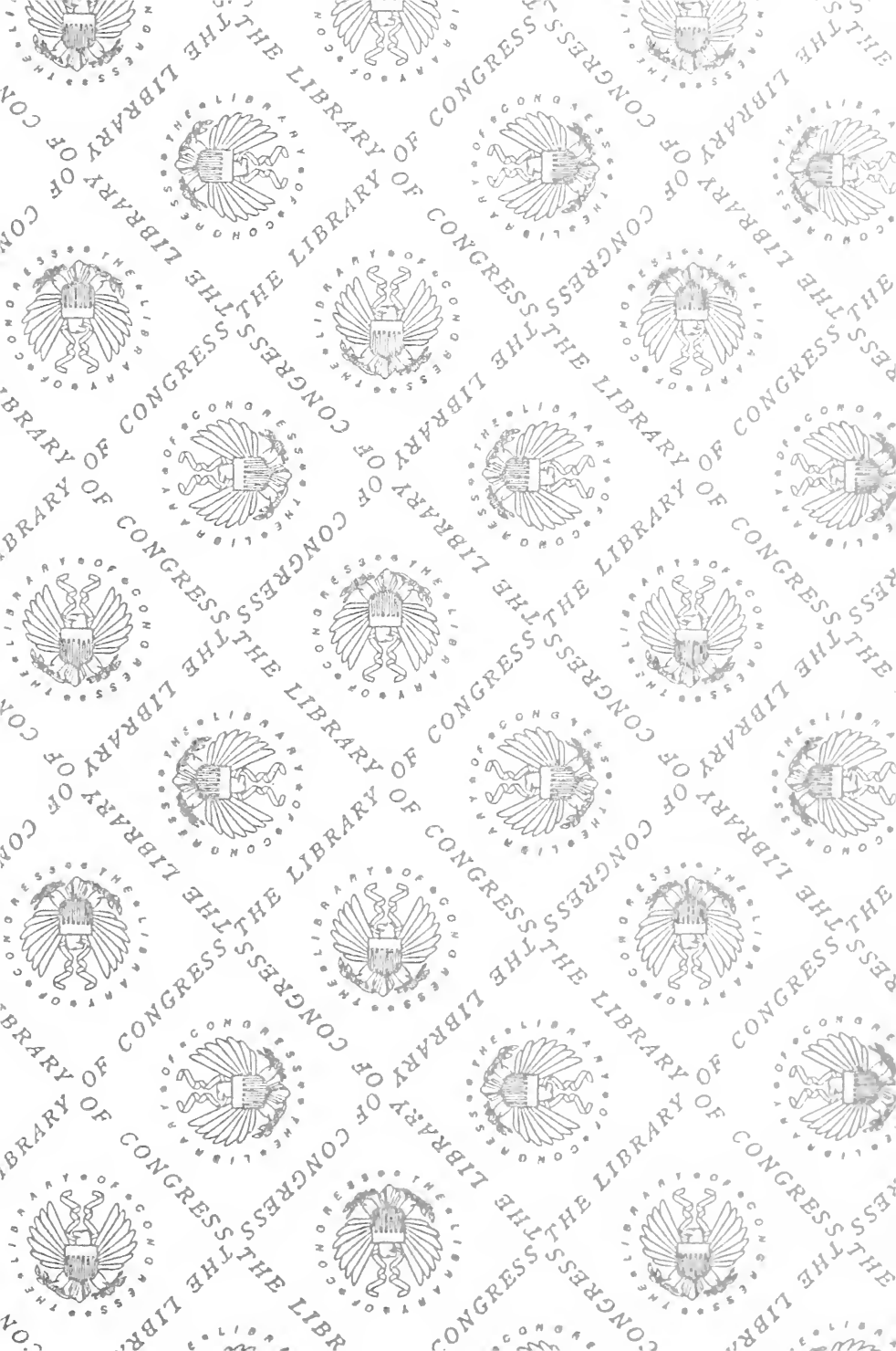


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PARIS SKETCHES

BY

LOUIS JUDSON SWINBURNE.

“HÉLAS! QU'EN POURRIONS-NOUS DIRE? IL FAUDRAIT ÊTRE
L'ANTIPODE DE LA RAISON POUR NE PAS CONFESSER
QUE PARIS EST LE GRAND BUREAU DES
MERVEILLES.” * * *

Molière's Les Précieuses Ridicules.



ALBANY, N. Y.:
JOEL MUNSELL.
1875.

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TO MOTHER,
THIS
LITTLE VOLUME OF SKETCHES
IS
DEDICATED,
IN
TOKEN OF THE LOVE AND AFFECTION
OF
HER SON.



PARIS SKETCHES.

CHAPTER I.

ON THE BOULEVARDS.

IT was all arranged one pleasant evening as we sat in front of the Café Américain. The lines of communication between Paris and the rest of the world had been cut off, and the siege had commenced in very truth; yet it was still possible, by the exercise of due influence with plenipotentiary powers, to penetrate the circle du fer, which the Prussians had formed round the city. Only the other day, a large party of Americans and English had succeeded in getting through safely to London. But Frank — Frank Baldwin, our dear old friend and crony in those days,—had no desire to leave the invested city; so at least we learned for the first time, with any degree of certainty, that evening at the café.

“Now, see here, Kent,” he said, pushing aside his absinthe with a movement of impatience, “that’ll do; I’ve had enough of your homilies and your bantering. It’s all very jolly—the idea of spending the winter in Italy, in the galleries of Florence, among the ruins of Rome, on the bay of Naples,—all very jolly, by George! and the old gentleman wants me to go, too. But that’s not the question; it’s a question of duty and philanthropy—needn’t laugh, sir!—a question of doing good and seeing life, I mean out-and-out camp and military life. Look at the ambulance upon the avenue de l’Emperatrice,—George! do’nt that seem to say, ‘Frank, my boy, there’s work coming.’ Been up there several times; queer lot, eh Kent? put ’em down in your note-book, sir. Positively, I’m tired of this kind of stagnation, what! none of the family here, you say? That’s so, but, deuce take it! am I always to be running after maternal apron-strings, and crying ‘mama, mama!’ as the girls run after that British sot, Lord Wilmot, and it’s ‘Wilmot’ here and ‘Wilmot’ there? Great Cæsars! do’nt every body know the man is after Fan’s money, and she, little fool—well, I say, those are family matters. But the conclusion of the matter is I’m going to stay in Paris, stand up for Johnny

Crapaud, and join the American ambulance. There! now don't talk to me anymore about Italy, and macaroni, and truffled partridges."

It was just like Achates — dear fellow! abrupt, outspoken, and impulsive. It seemed at first as if nothing could induce him to remain. He had lived in Paris most of his life-time, ever since, according to his own declaration, he had put off the pinafore; brought up in luxury, and early introduced into circles of fashion, where his family's high social standing, his own extravagance, and open, generous disposition, made him a general favorite and young coterie-prince, could he possibly think of undergoing the hardships and privations of a siege? Still he lingered, and his inclination to stay seemed to grow stronger and stronger. One way to urge Frank to a harder alternative was to dwell ironically on the ease and delights of the opposite course. He had his aspirations after the high and the noble, and disliked to be reminded that he was born with a golden spoon in his mouth and had been all his life reposing on a bed of roses. We had been testing the efficacy of this mode of treatment for several days past, and particularly on that evening. His father had left three courses open to him: to winter in

Italy, *do* the season in London, or to keep house in Paris. He chose the last, not much, it must be confessed, to our surprise, for we had had previous knowledge of his sterling qualities of heart and head.

Tall, fair haired, open browed, good natured, hearty, and dashing in his manner, you couldn't help being drawn to him when you caught the clear, honest light in his eyes and felt the warm grip of his hand. There was nothing effeminate or selfish in his composition, though he had breathed so long the atmosphere of frivolity and fashion; few indeed could have come out from the ordeal unspotted and unscathed as he had done. Despite occasional fits of fashionable ennui and languor, he was active, and willing to work, when, as he expressed it in his Frenchy way, he descended into the depths of his consciousness and felt a call. At the very first attracted to him, we came in time to love him for his bright smile, his cheery presence, his warm cordiality, his easy independence, his free outspokenness, and his comical hatred of shams and pretenses.

"I'm rejoiced at your decision, Frank," said Kent earnestly, "though it was rather sudden, you will admit, but," he continued quickly, as he saw his companion was about to interrupt him, "I believe you

will never have cause to regret of your having taken the step, so far as experience, and the life you will see, are concerned."

"Ça est fait," Frank answered in the peculiar manner of the Paris *gamin*, "it's done, and don't let's say anything more about it. I'll go up to-morrow and have my name enrolled on the books of ambulance."

It was very pleasant to sit there in the open air, and watch the mixed stream of human life as it ebbed and flowed past us. The boulevard with its rows of cafés and brilliantly lighted shops was all ablaze with life and gayety; mirth, vivacity, gallantry scandal met one at every turn. It was the same light-hearted crowd of pleasure seekers that thronged the promenades in the days of the empire. "Les Anglais n'aime pas s'amuser" said a Parisienne to the author of "Fair France" in the days of the Bœuf Gras; and the French! Look at this laughing crowd sauntering idly on, listen to the murmur of their lively talk, mark the joyousness, the insouciance, the vanity, the frivolity of them all. "Paris," remarks Victor Hugo, "a une jovialité souveraine." Is it not so? Reflected in the large mirrors of the café, one could see the amorous glances of mus-

tachioed Mars, and the gleam of dainty white feet under the tables. The glitter of uniforms, and the shimmer of silk and satin, and all the myriad of glancing colors, under the blaze of the chandeliers, dazzle the eye and mind. The low hum of voices, musical and never ceasing, the jest, the laugh, the repartee, the clank of sabres, the clink of glasses, the occasional strains of some popular opera air or military ballad — these are the sounds that float round and fill the air as naturally as the sea-moan fills the conch.

“La verre en mains, gaiment je me confie
Au Dieu des bonnes gens”

is the eternal burden of their life song, and who could catch the spirit of the boulevards more readily than Beranger? A fragrance at once alluring and indefinable pervades the place. It is not the fumes of the Havanas from this party next us, nor the steam from the coffee-cups of yonder chatty group, though their odors are agreeable enough; it is nothing distinct and divisible, but a quintessence of perfumes.

“What *is* this delicious atmosphere like? tell me, Frank,” I say.

"Like! hum—why, a Turkish bath—or stay, like that deuced incense they burn in the Madeleine."

"Fiddlesticks! and what do you say, Kent?"

"Why there's some truth in his simile. In effect, it is something like incense on these light-headed Parisians; but it seems to me, in the way it acts, more like the exhalations arising from the tripod of the Delphic goddess—exhilarating and intoxicating, or like the eating of the lotus-plant, causing a dreamy forgetfulness of care, duty, trouble."

"Bravo! Kent, we'll elect you one of the bas-bleues—ho, Bottom, thou art translated! Methinks I see the ass's ears sprouting out already. Goddess and tripods and lotus-plants! no, no, pas ça! It's a pot-pourri of blaze, fashion, scandal, women, wit, wine, wisdom—"

"There, Frank, that will do," says Kent. "We see it all now, thank you—not as through a glass, darkly, but as through—a millstone, plainly."

"Bating the atmosphere," I say again, "it doesn't seem to me that Paris has changed so very much since the empire; it's still the Elysium where good Americans wish to go when they die, so far as I can see."

“ Ah,” Frank replies with a bit of sadness in his tone, “ you don’t notice it as they do who have lived here longer, eh, Kent? The Tuilleries vacant, no more balls, no more fêtes, the gardens filled with tents, camp-fires, and cannon, the Cirque de l’ Emperatrice a barrack, the Champ de Mars a camp, the Bois an artillery-field, avenues barricaded, hotels closed, hawkers on the trottoirs, Mobiles in the streets and the whole city turned into a military encampment.”

“ And the cafés,” began Kent.

“ And the cafés closed at half past ten,” he continued, waxing eloquent as he proceeded. “ Think of the Riche and the Anglais closing at half past ten ! Some officers of the national guard were having an old fashioned imperial carouse the other night at the Maison Dorée, and lo ! deputations and protestations from the people, and the Maison Dorée, that has been open night and day for the last twenty years, was closed at half past ten ! ”

“ Nous sommes bien tombés,” remarked Kent ironically.

“ Helas for the viveurs ! ” was the only reply.

“ Then there are the theatres,” said the other.

“ Peste on the *ignorant* who went out of the way

to advocate their closing ! why, the keenest wit and humorist of the Greek drama flourished in an hour of national gloom, when the people lived in tubs and hen-coops, and yet thronged to hear the ‘Knights’ and the ‘Acharnians.’

“Your historic lore is astounding, my dear fellow.

“As for the opera — ‘O, what a fall is there, my countrymen’ ! Performances in civilian dress, the orchestra in uniform of the national guard, in which we have a touch of Moliere or Racine, an ode improvised by some Quartier Latin hack, and a discourse on bread and powder ; charity concerts in which the gem of the repertoire is the ‘Valse des Sylphes,’ or ‘La Mandolinata ; musical soireés begun by M. Pasdeloup with some spirit, and then — chaos ; these are our amusements in this ‘mecca of civilization.’ Depuis, our Fritz, Schneider, Bulotte, la Belle Helène, la Grande Duchesse, all gone, gone.”

“It’s only you inveterate play-goers that observe these changes, and take them so to heart,” Kent remarked.

“*Assurement* ; but isn’t all Paris play-going, mon brave ?” was the ready answer. “’Tisn’t only here one sees it, mind you ; one can hardly find his way in the streets now. Rue de l’Empereur is Rue de

la Republique, and avenue de l'Empetrice is Avenue du General Ulrich, and so on to infinity."

"Petty spite!"

"Petty! it's small enough, *parbleu*; but do you remember the statue of the Petit Corporal out there at Courbevoie — the one in top-boots and great-coat that used to be on top of the Colonne Vendôme? carved by Seurve wasn't it? Well, the other day some patriotic *sans culottes* — wager a franc it was some of Flourens' battalion — got hold of it, hauled it down, and rolled it into the Seine. Jufort told me about it; saw it done himself. Why, it's the act of a lot of barbarians; the idea of destroying a work of art — national property like that — for the sake of"——

"Hark!" cried Kent, jumping up from his seat, and pointing down the sidewalk.

A confused and unintelligible shout came from that direction, and there was a jostling and scattering in the crowd, whose gay listlessness changed into a buzz of polite excitement; ladies mounted on chairs and gazed down the street; then the rush of feet was heard, and through the parted press, a troop of eager, hard-panting men and boys rushed by, bawling

at the top of their lungs — “un Prussien !” — “un Prussien !” but no such personage was to be seen.

They passed, in hot pursuit of the *soi disant* spy ; the tramp of feet presently ceased ; the cries of the hunters died away in the distance ; the throng on the boulevard closed again, and went sauntering on with the same thoughtless mirth and indifference as before.

It was not an uncommon occurrence in those days. Almost every evening the boulevards were witness to ludicrous scenes of *espionnage*, and the mania became as epidemic as the cry “à Berlin” had been. Many amusing anecdotes are told of the “discoveries” made, and I take the liberty of repeating one by Francisque Sarcey, which, as far as I know, has never been translated into English.

“ Sometimes in the evening you would see a knot collecting slowly, with noses erect in air ; and it was not long before the knot became a crowd. What is it they are gazing at with so much attention ? — a light burning in the fourth story, and moving from room to room. A light ! at ten o’clock at night ! away up there in the roof of the house ! That can be nothing but a signal — *Tenez !* do you see the green reflection ? and thus the speakers take up the cue :

‘I know the porter, — his wife’s a Prussian ; she’s hiding spies, that’s certain ; they want to betray Paris.’ The National Guard would arrive, a detachment sieze upon the trembling concierge, and follow him up stairs to the top of the house. There they would always find a quiet family sewing or reading by the light of the faithful lamp.—But this glancing of the light from one window to another?——

“Why, we were going to look for something in the other room.’

“ ‘ And the green reflection ?

“ ‘ That’s because our curtains are of a greenish shade.’

Another night “an extraordinary object the color of which changed from red to green and blue, under the light of a candle that was observed to be moving about in an uneasy manner, aroused a whole neighborhood, who, unable to discover any explanation to the phenomena, were talking of sacking and burning the observatory. Accordingly, the domicile was broken open, and behind the window they found, upon his perch, a stuffed parrot on which were cast the flickering rays of a moving candle !”

A debtor cornered by his boot or shoe-maker, scared him off by crying aloud “un espion !” Houses

under suspicion were searched from top to bottom. Dreher's brewery was entered by a mob, who insisted that he had been hanging out signals for the enemy. Individuals caught on the boulevards were escorted to the préfecture amid the hoots and jeers of the crowd, and no body was free from risk at the ramparts. Even Trochu himself is said to have been arrested, and *Jules Favre* passed one night in a damp prison cell on a bundle of straw.

We had been sitting for some time over our coffee, as one gets in the habit of doing in Paris, and the evening was well advanced, when we left the café, and wandered up the Champs Elysée, out on the Avenue du Roi de Rome. Frank was alone in his great house on the avenue, and consequently claimed us both as guests, for the night at least, an arrangement to which neither seemed to be in any way averse. The Baldwins lived in *regal* style in one of those splendid *hotels* that wealthy Americans build for themselves in the most fashionable quarters of the metropolis, which vie in magnificence of furniture and luxury of arrangement with the palaces of princes. Broad, dainty-lighted, marble staircases, — suites of richly-decorated apartments with variously tinted walls and gilded ceilings, — scores of costly paintings

of the modern French and English schools — bronzes and statues, and mosaics — everything in the most exquisite taste and elegance of make adapted to render a home attractive and refined.

In answer to the summons at the *porte cochere*, a dapper little figure clothed in black, with a faultless white tie and a clean white napkin, appeared, and conducted us up stairs to our rooms, only to re-appear when our ablutions were concluded, and conduct us again to the dining-room, where a snow white spread awaited. Dinner at this hour! Only a light kind of American supper, Frank explained in answer to our query; and indeed, it proved to be a reasonably simple meal of three or four dishes with some light wines with the desert, the substantials being remarkable for their smallness in amount and delicacy of flavor. Auguste remained in the room only when directed to do so by a sign from his master, and at such times performed at once the offices of waiter and valet; for, being an intelligent fellow, he could be very sedulous in his attention on the table, and at the same time unfold all the coffee-house gossip and satisfy enquiries on the political events of the day.

The evening passed quietly and pleasantly away. We played several games of *ecartè*, and sang a few

old familiar songs together, and then retired to our rooms for the night. From our windows we could look out upon the great city as it lay asleep in the mist of the night. The air was fresh and cool, and all along the lines of the larger avenues were streams of hazy light; the never-ceasing murmur of life and activity arose from the streets, dreamy, and far-off, like the murmur of the sea. We sat a long time looking up into the starry heavens, and talking of the future, and it was only for very weariness that we fell asleep at last and revelled in the land of Nod.

CHAPTER II.

THE AMERICAN AMBULANCE.

WE were awakened the next morning by a slight tap at the door.

“Helloa — entrez !” cried out Frank from his room, “is it you, Auguste ? Serve monsieur first, if you please.”

I was dimly conscious of being gently shaken, bolstered up by the big pillows, and neatly napkined, the dainty little valet moving noiselessly round and performing his office with a despatch and facility both novel and pleasing. Then it was “Will monsieur have anything more ?” after the preliminary processes had been completed and the tiny tray left on the bed, as if he hadn’t conducted himself like a prince of valets already, with his soft, warm hands and attentive adaptation to one’s unexpressed desires. I answered in the negative, naturally, employing the most affable term in my vocabulary, and the modest fellow seemed quite content, and glided cat-like out of the room. O, the power of bienfaisance in this land !

It was my first breakfast in bed. There was the light-colored coffee with an inch of creamy foam on its surface and a delicious flavor; and the cream, served hot in a taper silver pitcher; and the bread, light, puffy, and white as snow. That was all, and must suffice until ten or eleven o'clock. Think of our American breakfasts of tough beefsteak, hot potatoes, and muffins, washed down by a cup of murky coffee! It may be enervating to take one's coffee in bed, but it's mighty pleasant when the morning mists are in your eyes and a dull good nature in your heart. But then, it's practiced only by ladies, *petits crevés*, and —

“ Well ” says Frank, appearing at my door to interrupt the reverie, clad in a loose, richly-worked morning gown and cigarette in hand, “ how are you getting on ? ”

“ It's my first real Parisian *dejeuner*, ” I reply.

“ Like it, eh ! ” he asked, sitting down in an easy chair and lolling back in his careless way. “ Ah, you shall dine with Martinez some day. Spanish friend of mine ; great connoisseur of paintings, china, bronzes, dinners, and all that sort of thing. He's like Kent in some respects.”

“Where is Kent by the way? I haven’t seen him this morning.”

“Kent! Oh, he was up long ago, took his cold bath and coffee, and now he’s hard to work in the study. Jolly good fellow, Kent; student of human nature, you know. — I’m in earnest, really. Read of such characters, but never met one of the genuine stamp before. And he *is* a student — George! he’s got a pile of notes on his jaunts in Great Britain that would make three ordinary octavo volumes. One year — aye, over a year — here in Paris, the Lord knows how much longer he’s going to stay. Deuced hard student, Kent.”

“But he do’n’t seem to be reading up anything special just now,” I venture to remark.

“You don’t understand — not reading! Why he never ceases a minute, *foi de citoyen*! He goes to the café, the theatre, the clubs, the Bois, the churches, with the same purpose uppermost in his pate; and he watches, listens, examines, and notes down, and all the time you would think he was idling and unoccupied. The world’s his school, don’t you see? and men and women are his books. Though he has his paper books, too — George! you couldn’t get him away from them. Marvellous head for learning;

studies Huxley or Comptê with all the enthusiasm he reads Rousseau or Alfred de Musset ; sees beauty in a nice demonstration in Euclid — peace to his ashes ! — as he does in a fine painting or a pretty woman. Camden calls it equipoise of heart and intellect — ha ! — but he's an odd genius, Kent, that's true."

His cigarette had burned down by this time, and rising with a yawn, he proposed we dress and walk over to the Ambulance. In half an hour we were out on the avenue, making for our destination. Frank talked all the way in his glib, dashing way, heedless where his shafts fell, and changing the subject with the most incidental suggestion. Arriving at the camp, he made straight for the office, and had his name enrolled on the volunteer service, having a comical fear, as he confessed, that his resolution might fail him, if he waited longer. "But now," said he, contemplating his signature with a rueful countenance, "I'm launched on a sea of peril and privation, morbleu !"

It would be the height of boredom and folly to attempt a detailed description of the Ambulance as it then was. Later in the siege, Kent and I had the honor of conducting through the wards a medical

gentleman of considerable repute in Paris, and, in order to offer you a general idea of the organization, we would ask you to accompany us in his society, with as much patience and indulgence as you may command.

He was a short, stout, paunchy man, with a red, plethoric face, spectacles, and a big-knobbed cane, which he rapped smartly on the floor now and then to give greater emphasis to his speech. Rather pompous at first, and punctilious to a hair, his native vivacity and enthusiasm for science would frequently get the better, and revealed the talkative Parisian and true philosopher. He had been visiting the prominent ambulances in the city, he said, for the purpose of gathering material for a *Thèse* he designed writing and presenting before the Academy of Sciences. Of the American ambulance he had heard a good deal from his friend and colleague, Monsieur Dubois, but had not up to this time found opportunity to come and see it, though all the press had been so flattering in its commendations. He became very voluble on further acquaintance, and rattled on like one deeply interested in his subject — his round eyes twinkling eloquently and his cane thumping unceasingly.

He was pleased in the first place with the exterior of the Ambulance, for, like most of his countrymen, he had an eye to the artistic and aesthetic side of things. He regarded it for some time — so fresh and picturesque with its fore-ground of evergreens and shrubs, its rows of white tents, with their flags flying gaily, its round pavilion with conical peak, its flag-staff, and its darker barracks extending round the quadrangle in the back-ground.

“Very pretty — charming,” he exclaimed at last with sincere admiration; “it is a veritable city of tents, and so bright and cheerful looking; *mais* — ahem! — monseieur, I have many questions to ask you, but not now, — no, not now. And those fine wagons over there with the superb horses attached — is that your service volant?”

Kent replied in the affirmative, and told him how American gentlemen resident in Paris had given up their elegant spans to the service of transportation in the ambulance.

“Ah, vos Americains!” was the sole rejoinder. Evidently the old gentleman was not in the secret; “cela me fend le coeur de les voir extenués”, says Maître Jacques of Harpagon’s “pauvres animaux” and no doubt it would have struck grief to the hearts

of these good gentlemen to wake up some morning and find their noble steeds cut and quartered for the breakfast of Jacques and Jules. At any rate it was safer to have them under the protecting banner of the Red cross. On entering the grounds, our visitors glanced round at the throng of volunteers sauntering about, and asked curiously:—

“But who are these gentlemen, messieurs?”

Kent explained that they were members of the volunteer staff, which was divided into two squads, doing duty on alternate days, and pointed out several of the more prominent.

“But they are men of wealth and high standing in society,” said the little gentleman in surprise.

“Certainly, sir; but that consideration doesn’t seem to make any difference with their picking up a wounded man or dressing an injured limb on the field.”

“And — and — ahem! pardon the question, monsieur,—are the services rendered, gratuitous—I mean of course, altogether?” and the round red face of the little man grew redder, and the cane rapped faster than ever.

“Entirely so, sir.”

“Strange; it is strange,” he remarked musingly,

“the system will not work among us. It is most noble, most generous, most humane in them.”

Indeed to see a well known artist or banker assisting in surgical operations, engaged in dressings, and even descending, when necessary, to the menial duties of a common infirmier, was a matter of wonder to most Frenchmen. A Parisian could not possibly undertake it without a derogation of his personal dignity in his own estimation and in the estimation of others. Our present visitor acknowledged this and with growing surprise, followed us into the wards, after having examined the canvass and fly on the outside. It was in the afternoon, and the wards were neat, clean, and in perfect order; several of the lady nurses were seated by the bedside of the wounded reading to or writing letters for them; and some were playing *écarté* or backgammon with those who had become convalescent. Altogether it was a pretty and homelike picture even to those who were accustomed to look upon it day after day.

The little doctor looked unutterable surprise. He was too well bred to express it directly, had he been able to do so, perhaps; as he was he simply beamed round through his spectacles in amazement. Two or three of these ladies he had met at the most refined

and fashionable circles in Paris, and now here they were by the sides of poor, rude, illiterate soldiers in the wards of a hospital. He didn't appear to understand it at all; finally, however, after some confusion, and much hemming, and thumping on the board-floors, he regained his composure sufficiently to converse with the "Madames" — how urbanely and softly he pronounced the word! — of his acquaintance. In taking leave, he said to the Marquise de Borel, with naïve warmth of sentiment, his beaver doffed the while, and his eyes looking every emotion:

"Ah, Madame, c'est poetique, nay heroic, this sacrifice of self and comforts to relieve the sufferings of the poor children of France. It is your gracious presence, your soothing words, your tender care, your silent sympathy, which works the quick cure. Was it not our Ambrose Paré who said, — 'I dress the wounds, — God cures them?' But your good doctor here may say, — 'I dress the wounds, — the ladies, with God's help, do the rest.'"

At the sight of the wounded, however, the little doctor was a changed man; his professional vanity, of which he had his full share, was piqued, and the gallantry of the man of the world lost in the instincts

of the pure scientist. He went snuffing suspiciously about and critically examining fractures, amputations, and appliances for their treatment; nothing escaped his keen and experienced eye.

"What! "he exclaimed," no smell, no hospital odor — ah?" It was an enigma to him, as it was to most others of his countrymen, this absence of the usual sickening odors that offend the senses and cause nausea even in the far-famed hospital of Laripoisière. The air here was absolutely pure and healthful.

"But," he continued, looking at the thin covering of the tent, "surely you cannot keep out the cold, too."

He was assured that it was not only possible, but had been done all the winter unusually severe as it had been. Then Kent showed him the furnaces, and the warm air pipes, and the registers, and explained at length the whole system of heating; he furnished him with the statistics of the temperature, and told him how, during the bitter cold nights of December, when men were freezing to death at the outposts, a uniform temperature of 15° to 18° (centigrade) had been maintained without forcing the fires.

The doctor was exceedingly interested, amazed, delighted; he forgot his professional dignity alto-

gether, and rushed up and down the wards, and in and out, testing everything with his own hands, and noting down his observations in a little book. Innumerable queries were poured in upon poor Kent, and the old gentleman's efforts to repress his sensations of surprise and delight were very comical to see.

"Ah yes, I see, yes, yes ; but — hem ! — this pipe — ha ! — is it so ? (writing in his book). It is admirable ; and the trench there, is that American ? wonderful ! (rapping with his cane) — a most ingenious arrangement — and what can be the use of this ?" etc —

He was particularly struck with the respective percentages of deaths after amputation and conservation of fractures of the thigh and leg. "Mon Dieu," he said, frankly, "look at the ambulance in the Grand Hotel : twenty amputations and twenty deaths, And of those under conservative treatment ! pass on. gentlemen, pass on. Your men, too, look happy, contented, and well fed ; that is a great point too much neglected in our hospitals. The treatment, nay, the maltreatment and neglect of the wounded in the Palais de l'Industrie is something fearful. Ah, monsieur, 'tis a good work you are doing, you Americans." Finally we reached the Pharmacy, and the doctor

being thoroughly conversant with this department, his spirits rose accordingly as he crossed the threshold.

"No medicines — no drugs, eh ? and where are your teas, monsieur ?"

"In our wines," sir, Kent replied, and the old gentleman stared at first, then smiled understandingly

"*Bon !* and what is this stuff you use for dressing wounds ? I have seen but little lint here."

"We call it oakum, sir ; it's made from the ends of rotten old ropes, and has proved invaluable," and he went on to dilate upon its antiseptic qualities.

"Very good, cheap, and easily procured ; it's exactly what we want," said the doctor, again scribbling in his book. "What can you not do, you Americans ? Ah, monsieur, if the French artisan had some of your practical common sense and cleverness of improvisation, he would be the most perfect workman in the world."

We had by this time gone the round of the camp, and seen all there was to be seen, and before taking his leave, begged the old gentleman to inscribe his name on the register.

"You shall have it with pleasure," he replied to our request, sitting down at the desk, and running over the signatures in the book. "Ah, a long list !

and who is this? Gosselin? truly, and Larrey, and Doremburg, and the great doctor Ricord, and Nelaton — what is it he writes? ‘Most excellent results obtained by very simple means’. *Bon!* that is the idea exactly. And here is Guerin, too — his pen-and-needle autograph is not to be mistaken. ‘I am happy to echo the sentiment of my eminent colleague, M. Nelaton,’ he says. Well, it must be very agreeable to receive the visits and commendations of these distinguished men. But — *pardon-nez moi* — there is my poor scrawl. And now, messieurs,” he said rising and extending two fingers of his left hand, “I must bid you good day; I have kept you too long already. Thank you very much for your courtesy, messieurs. This is the way out? Thank you, I see now, good-day, adieu, messieurs,” and placing his hand on his heart, and bowing and smiling, he took his leave. The last we saw of this little doctor, he was toddling down the avenue de l’Empératrice, head dropped in a reflective mood, and the knob of his cane braced against his chin, Esculapian fashion.

CHAPTER III.

SUNDAY IN PARIS.

IT was a warm, sunny Sabbath morning, and the Staff and Volunteers were assembled in the front grounds of the Ambulance, dispersed among the green shrubbery, and awaiting the arrival of the expected visitors, — Minister Washburn, Baron Larrey, and Chevalier Wicoff. The camp looked quite picturesque on this bright morning of the autumn, — the uniformed throng, the cool, fresh tents, the flags flying from barrack and pole, lending it an attractive, and even gay appearance.

Yonder by the entrance-tent is Captain Bowles, Banker, and grouped around him, the gallant members of his squad ; and yonder, Captain J. K. Riggs, also surrounded by rank and file — Will Dryer, Gunther, Keeler, and others. On the office-platform sit long whiskered Camden with his inevitable cigar, the Doctor, Ward, and the Dominie, who is conversing with Professor Blanqui, philologist. Mrs. Cass, lacrimose and resigned, is bending over her desk in

the sitting-room, consoled only by the twittering of her light-hearted canary in its pendant cage. Strange that she don't see the interesting scene being enacted between Dupré, the handsome young painter, and Mlle. Blanchard, on the sofa ! Among a group of ladies near tent No. 2 towers the tall form of the major — Major O'Flynn of Her Majesty's Indian army, whose famed steed, Garryowen, will be seen aways off, pawing the earth in pride of birth and blood. Frank is darting about from group to group, shaking everyone by the hand, and talking and laughing all the while. Madame Bernois is there, and Kent and Chef with his yellow dog, and a score more of familiar forms and faces, which rise up with strange vividness as one falls into the connected train of associations.

Such was the scene that greeted the eyes of Mr. Washburn and his friends, when they drove up to the gates of the Ambulance, that fall morning. Baron Larrey came in a private *coupé*, escorted by two aids, while His Excellency came in a *fiacre*, and unattended except by the chevalier, who accompanied him as a visitor and not in an official capacity. One could judge something of the character of the two men even from this trivial occurrence.

Mr. Washburn is a tall, powerfully-built man, of commanding presence, with keen, not unkindly eyes, peering out from under shaggy eyebrows, strait, iron-gray-hair, and large, strong features expressive of great sagacity, decision, and energy. He had shown himself to be possessed of wonderful natural ability for executive administration, and massive common sense, and good judgment. It will be remembered how for his unwearied watchfulness over the moneyed interest of the country, and for his fearless exposure of fraudulent practices in the United States Senate, he received the inelegant but strongly suggestive epithet of the "bull-dog of the Treasury." But it is in Paris chiefly that Mr. Washburn has won for himself a distinguished place in history. He alone of all the representatives of the greater powers, remained firm and unmoved at his post of duty. Throughout the war, he has been, as some one has remarked, the mind of the Diplomatic Corps.

The Baron is a very different class of man. He is the son of the Larrey of historic renown, who attended the great Napoleon in nearly all of his military campaigns; his head is white with the snows of over sixty winters, but his frame is still stout and compact, his step firm and elastic, his energy and vital-

ity unimpaired. He seems to be a proud, silent, severe old man, preserving the stern rigor and military precision of a soldier of the old regime. At times you might fancy him the scion of some impoverished family of the *noblesse*, there is something so sad and noble in the thoughtful countenance. He is generally abstracted in mood, but when he speaks, it is sharply and sententiously, though a true Frenchman in his adherence to form and ceremony.

These reflections on the old nobleman, and the delightful web of romance I was beginning to weave round him, were interrupted rudely by a hearty slap on the back.

“Well Frank?” I knew who it was as well as I knew the purr of Mlle. Blanchard’s tortoise-shell cat from the purr of all the other cats of the neighborhood.

“Do you want an introduction — off-hand, you know, — *c’est à moi*, mon brave — to Wicoff, the chevalier?”

“Very much, my dear ; I’ve been in hysterics to” —

“Yes? well, that’s good! He’s the biggest ass this side the — Rhine ;” and taking my arm, he walked me toward the Round Tent, volunteering a deal of information on the way, which none but

Frank could have obtained so readily and used so indiscriminately.

“And so, you see,” he concluded, “the man has become notorious as a parasite of the Emperor, and a protégé of the Princess Mathilde. If ever a gallery of European celebrities is gotten up, he will stand out prominent as a political adventurer and a literary — say, look at him now, through the fold of the tent there! aint a bad-looking fellow, is he? Oh, he’s polite enough, and all that, but as pompous as an ass, sir. He expresses himself with the dogmatism of a Johnson. Cæsars! you can hear that grunt from here. What hasn’t the chevalier seen in his short life? writer, diplomatist, traveler, lover, reporter — but tenez! here we are, and now for a Lord Burleigh nod.”

Indeed, he received us graciously enough for a man of the world, bestowing the nod that Frank presaged with a condescension that quite went to one’s heart. I observed him closely and with considerable interest, for I had become acquainted with him previously through his book. Of the only two books at our apartments suited to my taste at the time, Wordsworth was one and *My Courtship*

the other ; and here before me was the hero of that strange romance. For the benefit of the interested, it may be stated by the way, that Miss Gamble, the persecuted beauty of the tale, resides at present in London, having probably experienced the truth of that pithy remark of George Eliot's on the " pillulous smallness " of prematrimonial acquaintanceships.

Meanwhile Mr. Washburn and the Baron, escorted by the staff and volunteers, walked round inspecting the different wards. They were approaching our own tent, for the order and cleanliness of which Frank and I were both naturally solicitous, when sounds quite destructive of the quiet and discipline necessary, were heard coming from the interior.

" Ah, qu'il est beau ! "

Somebody sang in tones unutterably painful in their hilarious gayety. Frank groaned aloud, and made a vain attempt to drown the song in glib talk, adroitly managing to detain the party a minute in the hope of the occupant becoming aware of the presence of visitors and leaving off the accursed air. But it was of no use : Within a few feet of the door, another and louder refrain burst forth as if in mocking derision —

" Ah, qu'il est beau,

Tum — tum — tum — tum”

“S’George!” cried Frank, irritated beyond endurance, and breaking through all ceremony, he rushed headlong into the ward. “I’ll ‘tum — tum’ you, Master Alphonse!”

His excellency only smiled and looked amused, the Baron frowned in displeasure, and followed the guide inside. Sure enough, it was Alphonse the dancer, and he had struck an attitude, and was rehearsing to the rows of empty beds the couplets of the merry *Gens d’Armes* in *Genevieve de Brabant*. No sooner, however, did he catch sight of the indignant countenance of Achates than with a final caper he bounded up, and then vanished precipitously. He was a stout, wiry, limber rascal, this Alphonse, strutting about in his uniform and cocking his ambulance *kepé* with a most *roué* and knowing air. The ends of his twirling moustache were always carefully waxed, his colored tie unimpeachable, his shoes neat and shining; a gay, light-hearted, cheerful body, he was forever humming the last popular air of the *cafés chantants*, or repeating the latest witticism of the clubs. He never failed to bow gallantly to the ladies when they passed. From his youth upward he had been a professional

can-can dancer, and incredible stories were told of his terpsichorean feats at Mabilles; his very talk was remarked to be spiced with reminiscences of Valentino, and all his similes drawn from experiences in dancing-halls and *estaminets*. At times, too, when his regular line of employment failed, he was accustomed to let himself out in the character of a *chevalier du lustre*, one of those susceptible gentlemen who are observed to occupy the parquette of a Paris theatre and occasionally clap with enthusiastic vigor. With all these amiable and attractive qualities, one could not pick up, outside of his profession, a lazier, more shiftless, and thoroughly worthless fellow. He will shirk respectable manual work of any kind; to lie, cheat, and deceive are with him Spartan virtues of inestimable value. He has no principles, except those of the knave and the Red, and the idea of morality is as remote from his comprehension as Jean Guigon's fine sculptures on the Louvre.

The ward, however, was in good order, and no further interruption occurred to break the quiet of the camp. More than once our visitors took occasion to testify their satisfaction with the neatness, commodiousness, and completeness of the arrangements. It was extremely gratifying, of course; for

a word of commendation from the Baron was as good as a certificate from the Academy. They left us with strong assurance of the success of the enterprise.

In the afternoon, after dinner, Frank and I were sitting out on the office-platform in supreme enjoyment of the brightness and the sunshine, when Mlle. Blanchard, neatly dressed and winning as ever, came tripping along with a gay invitation to take a turn round the Bois.

“Ça ira !” said Frank rising lazily, “I say, you young man jump in with Mademoiselle, and see that you don’t” —

But I was already in the box with Celestine, and Achates was constrained to get in beside the pretty Jewess.

“Monsieur Prettyman said I could take the coupé this afternoon,” she remarked, “and so I took it. One does get so little fresh air in these horrid times, to be sure.”

“To be sure,” echoed Frank.

“I don’t know what I should do — really I don’t, if Cantatrice didn’t take me to the Halles with her in the morning. Oh, the freshness of these mornings. And then, the crowds at the markets, the

piles of fruits and vegetables, the cries of the vendors, the pushing, the confusion, the hubbub."——

"As if I hadn't seen it all a score of times," interrupted Frank; "you're thinking of something else, Mademoiselle, why don't you recognize that young fellow's salutation there?"

We were passing the entrance-tent, and Dupré, leaning on his cane, bowed distantly to the carriage as it went on.

"Ho — ho!" I heard Frank mutter to his fair companion.

"Well?" her lip was curling now and there was an ominous flash in her dark eyes.

"What is the matter? tell me, my dear."

"Oh, we had a quarrel, as usual. He made a *pastel* of me, and then, forsooth, I couldn't see it; for — but these painters *are* such turkey-cocks professionally."

"He's a battle-scene painter, is he not?"

"Yes; he has some scenes from the Crimea, and is working up subjects from the *sorties* about Paris. He had a piece in the *salon* of last year, and the critics spoke well of it. Goupil thinks he will make his mark, but — pah! — he wants money."

"You seem to take some interest in him," was the next careless remark. The large eyes looked at the speaker in wonder for a minute, and then, melted into an arch smile.

"Of course ; why not ?" she asked innocently.

"I suppose you might even love him, perhaps — eh ?" Frank was clearly a little out of his mind this afternoon. His indolent nonchalance, as he leaned back in the carriage with one hand in his pocket, and his eyes fixed on the heavens, as if intent on finding the dipper in the day time, was inexcusable. And what uncivil, not to say, impertinent personality, in that last allusion !

"I suppose so." How frank and matter of fact ! Alas, I thought, where is the bashfulness and charming confusion at the acknowledgment of youthful loves ? But this girl was brought up and educated in France ; that is the point, and allowances must be made for differences of training and feeling.

"And pray, how many other devoted admirers have you, Miss Blanchard ?"

"Only one," she answered sweetly. "You know him, Emile Geradin ; he was up to the Ambulance last Sunday, the young fellow with the light whiskers and beautiful eyes. He's in a glass factory — I

detest factories of any kind — and yet Monsieur Buchand, the proprietor, says he's doing well."

"And you like him better than ——?"

"Please, monsieur, haven't I made full confession? Well, yes, no, really I don't know. Dupré took me to the Opera the other night."

"Opera!" Frank said enquiringly, for the first time looking the girl squarely in the face, "what Opera?"

"Why Victor Hugo's *Chatiments*; haven't you heard it yet?"

"Pish! But, I say — my dear, I say — supposing now I should get down on my knees, and swear to love you with all the devotion of ——"

"Alors, alors, mon chœur bondira! mille accords. Mille vœux dans mon chœur retentiront alors," was the vivacious rejoinder.

"Good!" cried Frank, laughing heartily.

"And you Monsieur Baldwin, — what would you do?" How charming she looked, reclining there on the cushions of the coupé in her tasty riding-robe, her pretty little mouth puckered up so demurely, and her black eyes gleaming tenderness and trust!

"Hem!" Frank was playing idly with his tooth-pick, and scarcely noticed the pretty beseechingness

of the Jewess, and what was this air he was humming? —

“C’est un enfant gâté, peut-être,
Mais un enfant gâté, pour vous,”

were the words he sang.

Cruel! but he was repaid with usury. The jewelled fingers of the young coquette fell smartly across his ears, and Celestine turned in amazement to learn the cause of the uproarious laughter behind.

Meanwhile we were fairly out on the avenue de l’Emperatrice with the Bois looming up over the barricade, directly in front. The afternoon was bright and sunny, and good citizens had turned out for their wonted promenade; and looking back on the long gray stretch of the spacious avenue, you could see, scattered hither and yon, groups of pedestrians who seemed hardly to creep along. Not a carriage of any description was in sight. It was no longer the gay and crowded highway of by-gone days: the stream of ever-changing life, the press of elegant landaus, and tandems, and liveried coaches, the glitter of dress and fashion, the Imperial equipage, the celebrities of the demi-monde, the mingled splendor and mean-

ness, the pomp, the mirth, the shoddyism and nobility, — had all passed away as if they had not been. Think of it ! does it not seem as if this desolation was sent as a just punishment for all the sin, the folly, the heartless scepticism, of this Vanity Fair ? The scene is very different now.

Here citizen Jean of the Bourgeoisie, with wife and children looking happy and sociable, passes along ; there a white-capped “bonne” in charge of a lot of rosy-cheeked youngsters, who are racing on the grass with a frisky little terrier ; now it is a squad of Mobiles, devout, sober, orderly, and gaping about them in wonder ; again a party of gaudily uniformed officers, the Bobadils of the army, strutting along with fierce moustaches and jingling spurs, inane, foppish, and shallow-brained. Some are on their way to the Bois, others to the bastions to visit friends doing guard-duty for the day. Many will go to Père Lachaise to crown Cavaignac’s grave with immortelles, and many more to the heights of Trocadero to get a fifty centime peep of a Prussian sentinel. The Sabbath is their fête-day ; all Paris then dons its holiday habit, and saunters forth for a stroll or a ride. The cafés are more brilliant and crowded than at other times, and the opera opens in the evening

with a programme of extraordinary excellence. Throngs of dissolute men and women, in their flaunting trappings of shame, promenade the Champ Elysée, the boulevards are given up to pleasure, lorettes, and strangers, and the Cirque, the merry-go-rounds, and the *cafés chantants* are scenes of unrestrained merriment and sensual enjoyment. Work and play go hand in hand, and gossip, idleness, and lovemaking is part of the business of the hour. The Parisian's haven of rest is, not his own cosy room, with books and contemplation for companions, but the gardens of St. Cloud or Versailles. But amid all the mad whirl of pleasure and frivolity, the cloyed heart of the stranger goes back, with an infinite sense of relief and satisfaction, to the sweet memories of the quiet New England Sabbath, as the heart of the weary, wandering Clavoyard is said to go back longingly to his native mountain-home.

Turning into the Bois, we drove down the avenue des Acacias. It was a sorry spectacle at first, the woods being entirely swept away for some two hundred yards beyond the ramparts, with nothing but the blackened stumps, to meet the view. On the side of Pré-Catelan to the borders of the lake, however, the park remained intact, except where here and there

a single tree had been rooted from a clump. The same sense of desolation, the same absence of life and cheerfulness, the same gray barrenness of aspect were here, as on the avenue de l'Emperatrice. Occasionally we passed a barricade, and once or twice caught sight of artillery camps in the depths of the wood. The lake looked dreary and neglected, the tea-houses and saloons were untenanted, and the gardens had gone to waste.

And so the pleasant afternoons of September wore away. There was little to do but bask in the warmth and sunshine of the season, and while away the hours of idleness as best we could. It was in those days that Frank and Martinez used to drive round in their four-in-hand English box and take us out on delightful drives to Neuilly, St. Denis, and the Bois, and many a flying hour did we spend in the company of Kent, wandering through the historic scenes of Paris and learning the legend of each stone and square. But October came at last, and with it a change in the monotony of our life, a change in which there was something both of the bitter and the sweet, as there is in all of our joys and sorrows.

One quiet Sabbath evening, while we were sitting in the volunteers' room, singing some of the old

hymns that seemed so sweet and full of meaning now, Frank broke into the apartment in evening dress.

"Helloa !" was his hurried greeting, "aren't you fellows going round to Madam Moulton's this evening?"

"Who's going to be there?" asked Kent, running over the notes of the *Stabat Mater*.

"Oh, magnates, wits, parvenues, pretty women" —

"I don't care about it," Kent replied quietly.

"And you?" he said, turning to me.

"Thank you, Frank, I don't care about it either."

"Peste ! See here Kent, there's something behind all this," said Frank, looking closely at him, "What's up?"

Kent laughed. "Well," he said, "you have guessed it; there are rumors of an engagement at the outposts."

"Rumors are rumors, and they don't prevent you spending a sociable evening."

"Perhaps not; but look out, my dear Achates — lovely night, is it not? too lovely to shut one's self up in a close room, confess now"

"Aha, I see — I see; you are for the fortifications — eh? 'Tis not my vocation, Hal; adieu, mes

chers," and in another moment the lively fellow was off.

And that evening we walked out to the Rue des Ramparts, and looked round for the usual stir among the soldiers there. It was a clear, still, moonlight night, and the earthworks looked dim and lifeless. Here and there faint lights streamed from a canteen, where some National guards were regaling themselves on warm coffee and a bit of brown bread. Mobiles were pacing their beats in the corner of the bastions, and others bivouacked beside their packs with their greatcoats on and their rifles piled up near by. In the quietness of the hour, the tramp of patrols passing and repassing could be heard very distinctly, and now and then the cry of "*Sentinelles, prenez-garde à vous*" rang out clear and melodious on the night air. The expected engagement was not to take place that night evidently, nor the next, nor for several nights yet. But one evening later, the whole camp was roused by intelligence from the Intendant department. There had been skirmishes in the vicinity of Rueil and Malmaison, and word had come at last to be in readiness for active service on the morrow.

CHAPTER IV.

MALMAISON.

THE morning of the eighth of October rose bright and clear. Orders had been received at head-quarters to be in readiness to move, and the whole camp was consequently in commotion. The volunteer service was larger than it had ever been before, and more completely equipped.

Each aid wore the usual navy cap with its shield bearing the red Geneva-cross, and the regulation brassard about his arm. The carriages were under the immediate command of an assistant surgeon, while the charge of the whole corps was entrusted to the head physician and a member of the committee. Each assistant surgeon was also supplied with the requisite amount of surgical dressings, and carried about his person all the necessary instruments for the temporary care of a wounded man on the battle field. An abundance of food and wine had been stowed away in the carriage holds, the water tanks filled, the bags of bandages and lint and the bottles of stimulants laid away, and all the preparations

seemed to have been completed. But we had still to await orders as to our first destination. They soon came.

An English gentleman, his long white whiskers streaming in the wind, galloped furiously up to the gateway, and directed us to make as speedily as possible for the Porte Dauphine.

“Hark !” he cried raising his hand as an injunction for silence, “Do you hear that ?”

For a moment we listened, and then the dull roar of artillery, which had become so familiar a sound, but which in the hurry and bustle of preparation had been forgotten, broke upon the silence with an ominous roll. It was our tocsin. Every carriage was instantly manned, and in another minute the whole train with flags flying was dashing down the avenue de l’Emperatrice to the Porte Dauphine.

At the drawbridge all was quiet and undisturbed, and the guard directed us to drive at once to the Porte Maillot. Here the train was blocked up by an excited crowd, and word was sent to us to await further orders ; which orders, when they came, allowed only three of our carriages to advance, our carriage was unfortunately the fourth.

“What the deuce is Wolf after ? he’s the Intend-

ant here, isn't he Monsieur Rienzi?" asked Frank.
"It's all a piece of his red tape, I'll wager a franc."

"*Diavolo!* he is ze wolf no doubt, but he have the sheep's head to-day," and the Italian in his hasty, impetuous manner, jumped from the carriage, strode up to the Intendant's quarters, and disappeared within the door. In a little while he returned to us with an exultant light in his dark eyes: he had been successful in obtaining permission for one more conveyance to proceed.

The lot falling on us, we got all in readiness, and drove up to the gate as though to pass through.

"Ha!" cried out a dapper little officer, posting himself in a military attitude in our front, "Qu'est ce que vous faites la? arrêtez, m'sieu; arrêtez, je dis."

"Que fais-je?" retorted the quick-tempered Italian, taking offense at the Frenchman's address,—"Parbleu! mais qui êtes-vous que vous osevez nous arrêter? allez, cocher, allez."

But the coachman could not drive on, and it is difficult to say what would have been the termination of the squabble, had not an aide-de-camp of the Intendant at this moment rode up and ordered that the

carriage be allowed to pass. As the officer reluctantly gave way to let us go by, the eyes of the two disputants met. Oh, it was comical — the malicious scowl on the face of the one and the leer of triumph on that of the other ! These passionate natures force the bubbles of deep feeling to the surface.

We had hardly gone a hundred feet beyond the drawbridge, when loud shouts of “Vive la République !” “Vive Rochefort !” drew our attention to the barrier whence they arose ; and just in time to see the gentleman thus enthusiastically cheered, darting through the crowd and doffing his hat to acknowledge each salutation. He hastily joined two gentlemen in advance, and they were about to continue their walk together, when they caught sight of our carriage, and signaling to us to stop a minute, approached and jumped in. They shook hands with Signor Rienzi at once, and he, with characteristic politeness, introduced them to us as Messrs. Ferry, Pellatan, and Rochefort. They honored us with a condescending nod, and we sank back on our seats with the pleasurable satisfaction of having been recognized by the chiefs of the nation.

M. Jules Ferry was a gentleman of middle age, with a high forehead, intelligent eyes, a firm mouth,

long whiskers flowing to either side, and having a general expression of shrewdness, promptness, and practicableness. M. Pellatan, also a member of the government, seemed a much older man, and there were white streaks in his hair and beard and furrows on his cheeks and brow. The broad and serious, but not striking features, conveyed the impression of honesty and sincerity of purpose, though lacking in energy and liveliness. Rochefort, at that time, was slenderly made, with a large, long head, narrow brow, a thin, sallow, passive countenance, prominent cheekbones, and large, deep, rolling, glassy eyes — the most remarkable characteristics of the man.

During the ride, Rochefort seldom spoke, remaining gloomy and abstracted; Pellatan edged in an occasional remark, but always, with mildness; Ferry did all the talking, and seemed never to permit his vivacity to droop or his responsibilities as a member of the government to depress his flow of spirits. Before we reached the Place du Trone we had joined the rest of our train. The Place was filled with *ambulances volontes*, and there, on halting, the representatives of the government were received with repeated acclamations by the staff and volunteers. Upon the granite base in the center of the Place, a

temporary wooden platform had been erected, as a kind of elevation from which to view the movements of the troops and the progress of the contest : thither M. Rochefort and his colleagues, followed by a number of our corps, ascended.

While awaiting the word of departure, Frank and I stole away to the fortifications, and stood near one of the bastions where the men were discharging a gun of heavy calibre. Numbers of boys "*en blouses*" were loafing about the powder-magazine, watching the artillery-men, and thrusting their fingers in their ears when the cannon was touched off. Peeping through one of the apertures, we could see that the barricades rose up perpendicularly some thirty feet, and that beyond the empty moat there extended for a considerable distance an open marsh — a kind of natural protection against approach and surprise in that direction. It seemed impossible for an enemy to come within miles of such a battery with impunity. In the distance, loomed the unbroken line of hills, which were held by the Prussians ; and now and then a puff of smoke could be seen, followed, after an interval, by the dull report of the gun. The troops were on the way to action, and so we hastened back to the Place.

It was at first impossible for us to proceed, the road being so jammed with ambulance trains; but when the facts of our situation were made known at head-quarters, a speedy answer came, in the person of Dr. Sarrazin, who dashing up on his famous bay, shouted in a stentorian voice:

“L’ambulance Americaine en avant!”

And to the front we went, passing by scores of great, lumbering omnibuses, and out upon the unobstructed avenue. This little incident established a precedence for us, for ever afterward we had the honor of holding the van of the French army trains.

Passing the barricade at the other end of the Place, we took the road to Nanterre, and, after a short ride, turned off from this, and jogging over an uneven potato patch, finally emerged into a rising meadow backed by vine-yards and crowned by an old gray mill. At the summit of the hill, we halted to rest the horses; we were really, without knowing it at the time, on the field of battle, under the very guns of Mont Valerien.

An open expanse of grain-field sloped down before us, till it ended in an abrupt knoll. Here the French reserve was stationed with Trochu and some others in the rear. A little in advance, on a rising piece of

ground, we saw the battery whose guns shook the hill as we were ascending. Away in the distance rose the wooded heights and earthworks of the Prussians ; and there, too, ran the aqueduct of Marly ; from which, it was said, King William, the crown prince, and staff, were watching the progress of the struggle. The atmosphere was sulphurous, and the heavens clouded with smoke ; the woods occupied by the enemy, were alive with puffs of artillery ; and now and then the big guns of Mont Valerien shook the ground beneath, and made the affrighted horses snort and plunge. The shrieking shells shot overhead ; and whirling on, struck with a dull thug among the enemy's redoubts. Affairs began to look more like work ; the aids equipped themselves for service, the volunteers got out their brancards, and the train pushed forward again, but slowly and cautiously.

We had gone but a little way when a body of horsemen were made out approaching our position. As they drew nearer, another halt was made, and the Dominie rushing out, shouted as they came abreast of us :

“ Which way shall we go, sir ? ” The whole staff slackened its speed — for it proved to be Ducrot's

brave army staff — and the general reigning his steed back on its haunches, replied in strong, full tones : —

“ Move on, sir ; move on ! ” and signing to his aids, away they galloped again, and soon disappeared beneath the brow of the hill. The minute after an aide-de-camp returned, and pointing to the French and American flags which waved from the wagon-tops,

“ For heaven’s sake, gentlemen, take down your flags : the general commands it,” he cried hoarsely, and then striking spurs into his horse, and wheeling round, sped away through the high grain in the direction the staff had taken. The flags came down instantly.

Leaving the wagons here, a number of the corps proceeded on foot. As we went on a remarkable panorama spread out to view. On one side was the battery of mitrailleuse, hard at work and barely allowing the cannon to cool ; one’s heart stood still when these fearful engines of war shot forth their fatal missiles — rattling, roaring, whizzing, shrieking, till they were lost to the eye in the far off woods with a final hiss and almost imperceptible crash. The gunners, grim, stout, blackened, dirty, hungry-looking fellows, plied their task well and rapidly ; watching

with eager eyes the effect of each discharge, and when success crowned their aim, grinning among themselves with horrible maliciousness, at the same time kneeling down to pluck a turnip, and then reloading for another trial. On the other side was stationed a regiment of the reserve; and at irregular distances down the left, other regiments were standing at order arms. It was one of these inexplicable blunders which the French commanders committed not a few times during this unhappy war — thousands of men being placed in range of the Prussian batteries and unprotected from their fire. Beneath and to the right lay the village of Nanterre, looking like a chess-board with its neat white houses ranged in regular rows. The streets were entirely deserted, and the whole place still and lifeless. Further on was Rueil, with the spire of its pretty parish church, where Josephine and Hortense lie buried, rising conspicuous over the flat roofs of the dwellings. To the left, ensconced in the dark clump of trees, could be seen the chateau of Malmaison, Napoleon's old home, and after that the famous chateau of Buzenval, and then the park of St. Cloud.

The object of this sortie, like all others, was to make a breach in the *circle de fer* environing the

city, and this with the hope of joining connections with the army of the West. The point of attack which the French commanders had chosen, was Malmaison, the park surrounding the old chateau being in the possession of the enemy ; so that to seize upon this vantage-ground became the primary aim of our troops. The detachments under Martenot detailed for this duty had passed Nanterre and Rueil, and at the moment we were viewing the situation from the hill, were in the vicinity of Malmaison. Thierrard with his franc-tireurs and engineers had pierced the wall on the east and entered the park, was the next announcement, while the same operation had been successfully performed on the south-west side by some mobiles of the garrison of Mont Valerian. But lo ! the foe had “*décampé*” ; not a Prussian was to be seen.

It was at this moment we caught sight of the red liners forcing their way across a cleared space. They were evidently pushing on to Bougival. But it was only for a moment, for the next, they were hidden in the woods. The batteries were fearful to hear now. Mont Valerian, towering up in the smoky atmosphere, was like some gigantic demon ; its shells fell thick

and fast, and the air seemed to vibrate with their awful whiz-z and whir-r and crash. The gunners at the battery had caught sight of something — what it was we couldn't tell — and were firing in rapid succession. At times, between the roar of the great guns, the rattling volley of musketry could be heard. That came from the plain of Gennevilliers, where Ribeaux with his eclaireurs were engaged, on the banks of the Seine, in uncovering an ambushade on the other bank of the river. They were doing splendidly, we heard.

Here a part of our corps left us and moved down the slope to Rueil. They were evidently excited by the scene, for we could hear them singing as they tramped on — “Marching through Georgia!” — at the top of their voices, — Will Dryer's high tenor and the gruff basso of Captain Bowles being easily distinguishable. Cheer after cheer rose from the French reserve, and all along the line.

“What's that for?” called out Frank to a returning squad.

“Les Américains!” a voice replied. Our friends' enthusiasm had aroused their admiration.

But we had seen all there was to be seen, and Frank and I started with the first carriage-load. We

drove carefully, for the poor fellows were suffering severely, and the slightest jolt made them cry out with pain. It was far into the night when they thundered across the draw-bridge of the Porte Maillot.

“*Hola ! de quelle ambulance êtes vous ?*” By the glare of the torches we saw the gleam of an armed guard.

“*L’ambulance Américaine !*”

“*Passez.*”

Inside the walls were assembled an anxious crowd. With some difficulty we got through the press, and at last drove into the ambulance grounds with our wagon-load of sufferers.

CHAPTER V.

PROFESSOR LA BRUYERE.

OLD Professor La Bruyère had been a much-esteemed friend of ours in America. He was a fine old French gentleman, and a scholar of varied culture. During his exile he had ever been reserved on points relating to his personal history, and none of us had ever been inquisitive enough to injure the feelings of one who was so polished a gentleman and so jovial a companion by attempting to penetrate his reserve. It was only known that he had been unfortunate in his political career. We had met him several times in the streets of Paris since the investment of the city, and each time he had urged us, with all his warmth of manner, to come out and see a lonely old man at Passy, who hadn't any friends in the world. So one bright afternoon Frank and I took it into our heads to go and pay him a visit.

The professor was sitting in his old arm-chair outside the door of his cottage, enjoying the sunshine of the day and the solace of his long-stemmed pipe. There was a settled calm on his jocund countenance and a quiet content in his light blue eye. He was

now an old man, with partially bald head and a beard streaked with gray; but he looked the very picture of comfort and serenity as he sat there, absorbed in a kind of dreamy contemplation of the quickly-dissolving rings of smoke, which, curling through his gray moustaches, rose circling in the air.

“Messieurs, very happy — very happy indeed to see you; come in!” and the professor reddened with pleasure as he rose up to greet us; but the next moment his shaggy eye-brows contracted and an expression of pain shot across his features.

“Pfui, that cursed rheumatism — *pardon*, mes-sieurs! I’m growing old you see, and the ills of old age will come on. Well, well, I’m glad to see you — (never mind the chair!) — come in, come in!” And with the courteous hospitality of an old French marquis, he led us into his apartment, and went ransacking his cupboard to give us cheer.

It was a pretty little room. The walls were covered with pencil and crayon sketches and water-colors of his own design, and a few choice oil-paintings of living artists. Here and there was a rare bronze or perhaps a statuette. Around the mirror were photographs of favorite pupils, tastily grouped in twos and threes. In one corner was a guitar, a broken

flute, and a pile of music ; in another, a fishing rod, shot-gun, pouches, nets, and canes. The table was strewn with paper, inkstands, curious weights, paints, crayons, tobacco-pipes, and ashes ; and above the table the professor had constructed an ingenious book-case where was displayed his small and select stock of literary lore. From the old pressed sofa in the corner to the curtained alcove behind which gleamed the white coverlet of the professor's couch, there was a bachelor-like air of comfort and elegance.

“ You like that painting, ah ! It is a gem of a sea-scene in its way, is it not ? Your excellent Monsieur Hart gave it to me for some slight service of mine. That was after I left the state of New York. You see, Monsieur Frank ” —

But he had found the wine now, and his reminiscences of the civil war, which we feared were about to be rehearsed again, subsided into a mutter about the “ old woman and slavery.”

“ Now Monsieur Louis, for you I have this little thimble-full of Paxarète ; it is very sweet, and is fabricated at Xeres in Spain,— very choice, too, I do assure you. N'est ce pas bon ? Eh bien, it is necessary to sip it slowly, drop by drop, to catch the divine flavor of it, and now Monsieur Frank, you must

content yourself with this glass of Sauterne. (The glass is finely cut, you see). You like not the Bordeaux, and positively I have nothing else in my cellar. As for the professor — hum ! he thinks he will take a little of the sherry — your English sherry is adulterated, Monsieur Frank — with a little of the mixed in, and that is good, too — but not so good as the *Lacrimae Christi* that comes from the vineyards of Vésuve.”

While chatting in his pleasant, Frenchy way, the professor had handed us each our portion with a grave bow. It was like being entertained by a king, or better. He had launched on his favorite topic of wines, and it was edifying to listen to his eloquent descriptions of the sunny vineyards of southern France. Pretty soon, however, he took up his pipe again, which he had laid aside in the heat of lively recollections, refilled, and relit it, and retreated to his comfortable arm-chair, sinking down smilingly between its well-padded arms, while we seated ourselves near by.

“ But of all the cheap pleasures that garnish my nest,
There’s one that I love and cherish the best.
For the finest of couches that’s padded with hair
I never would change thee, my cane-bottomed chair.”

Those were the lines we read fancifully engraved on the back of the chair.

“Ha, ha ! well, ’pon my soul, where on earth did you pick up that doggerel, Professor ?” laughed Frank.

“Eh, doggerel ! It is from ze Thackeray ; I will show you, no ? Well, I love him : he is like our Beranger, and he is full of humor and drollery — no ! I mean sarcasm. I do not understand him sometimes — but it is all the same. He is true Englishman.”

And so from talking of the poets of France and England we wandered off on the unfortunate topic of the political relations between the two countries ; unfortunate because it was one which the professor felt deeply and personally as a good republican. To make the matter worse, I ventured to suggest that the real position of Great Britain was not yet so defined as many thought, but before the sentence was ended Frank caught the word from my mouth, and, in his bold, dashing way, went off on a mad tilt against all Englishmen and English ideas of justice, and closed with a tremendous shock on the wrongs of France.

While he was speaking a wonderful change came

over the old man. The mildness and gentleness of his face had vanished, and now it was white and colorless, now red with indignant anger. The blue eyes grew hard and stony, his moustaches curled fiercely under the nervous fingers, and his whole frame trembled with suppressed rage. The man was in one of his ungovernable passions.

“Stop! what do you know of the wrongs of poor France — you, a stranger and with English blood in your veins? Tell me — have you suffered yourself; have you been imprisoned? Has your property been confiscated? Have you been in exile? Have you no heart? then, why do you put this devil in my heart? look!” and he grasped the cottage-door with his powerful hand, and slammed it back on its hinges with a force that made the walls tremble, and at the same time pointing to two woodcuts, one of Napoleon and the other of Bismarck, now from oft repeated expectation stained and spotted with spittle, continued in a hard, bitter tone: —

“There are the authors of our misery — bah! (Here he spat contemptuously on Napoleon’s nose). Who is Bismarck? All the world knows. Who is Napoleon III? Ah, you do not know. Tenot says he

was born in the Tuilleries : that is a lie. Victor Hugo says he was born in a hovel. No ; I will tell you ; he was born in a lottery-hall. He was a child of mystery from the beginning, and has been a creature of chance all his life. What was it that raised him to the throne of France ? *ma foi*, I know not. An ill-jointed, dreamy, contemptible stripling, with his mother's weakness and his father's dullness, he swung off on the tail of his uncle's comet, and so came flaring into the world. What had he done ? He was in the insurrection in Italy. O oui ! and in '36 he made his attempt on Strasburg. There, too, was the affair of Boulogne, with the invading army of harlots and adventurers. What blunders all the way through ! Do you see any genius in this man ? He was a fool. Louis Philippe understood him ; he locked him up in Havre. There he learned to be knave. He was in New York afterward ; what did he do ? nobody knows. He was in London, too, and what was he there ? I will tell you ; a wretched constable. Do you not believe it ? Look here — ‘ Louis Charles Buonaparte * * * * qualified and sworn as special constable for the parish church of St. Clement Denis.’ But what is that ? He became prince president, is it not so ? And then ! Then forgery, bribery,

corruption, violence, and blood — blood — blood ! And the coup d'etat was over, and that night of the 4th of December Louis Napoleon sat in his *cabinet noir* at the Elysée smoking his cigarette — emperor of the French !”

Exhausted by the violence of his emotions, the old man sank back into his chair, from which he had risen in his frenzied harangue, and sat for a long time in silence and with bowed head. We had never seen him so strangely agitated before, and we dared not break in upon his mood. It was long ere he spoke again, and when he did, it was in an entirely different tone of voice, and yet it seemed a continuation of his former train of thought, uttered musingly at first.

“ Ah, that winter of '53 ! People said it was a gay season ; yes, there were carnivals, and balls, and fêtes and hunts, and operas, rolling round in Parisian pirouette — but I saw the grinning skull behind them all. The Bourgeoisie thought sure the golden age had come, and stood in its door rubbing its hands and chuckling over the rapid influx of wealthy strangers, and the peasants ! Dull Jacques from the provinces was there dreaming of free trade and abundant harvests. Bon Dieu ! how could he know that

liberty of traffic was not liberty of speech and franchise? All the foreign powers had sanctioned the new dynasty, except Russia — and Russia! Why, monsieur the French minister felt himself insulted by the Muscovite envoy, and was indignant that the autocrat of the Russias should presume to address His Imperial Majesty Napoleon III in the haughty and ceremonious terms of “*Mon Amie*” in place of the usual formula — “*Mon Frère*,” ‘and Herod was troubled and all Jerusalem with him!’ Paris was the same as now. O oui! The boulevards, the Champs Elysées, the gardens of the Tuilleries were just as thronged. They came flocking from the baths of Germany and the gaming-tables of Hamburg to salute the new emperor, Napoleon III. Bah! the world is the same all around. But some things have changed, and that is always sad, you know. The old Rotonde, and the Vefour, and the Trois Frères are deserted now; you should have seen them once. The gardens and fountains of the Palais Royal — there where wit and scandal went hand in hand and *hommes blasés* and *grisettes* used to meet — where are they? Helas! never more shall these old arches ring with fun and frolic, and Valvassor, and Sainville, and pretty Madame Schnivaneck are

gone, too. Valvassor ! yes, he was inimitable. But there was another — Rachel. Ah, messieurs, that little black-eyed creature called many a bravo from this parched throat and many a tear from these dim eyes, and she is gone. Pooh ! what am I talking about ? Mille pardons — you see I forget myself ; I do not know what I say.”

He ceased, and bustled round again to find his tobacco-pouch. All his bienseance had returned again, and he was the same congenial old gentleman as at the first. But the twilight was coming on apace, and we felt obliged to say that our time of taking leave of him had arrived. Before going, however, I happened to refer to Josephine in connection with her flowers, and the allusion called forth another pleasant reminiscence of the professor’s.

“ Josephine — ah, yes ! Josephine at the Tuilleries — there was grace, loveliness, and vivacity ; Josephine among the poor peasantry of Rueil — there was sympathy and charity ; Josephine in the bosom of her family — there was true womanhood, if there ever was any such thing. Josephine cherished flowers — yes, there is her garden at Malmaison. And she loved — great God how that woman loved ! She would leave her flowers, she would sacrifice Hor-

tense — she sacrificed herself — for Napoleon. How else could she have assented to that ill-assorted marriage between King Louis and Hortense? The king of Holland — heavy, drowsy, inactive; Hortense beautiful, witty, fashionable. What a match! But — pardon, let me not detain you any longer; I see that you are anxious to go. Forgive the tattle of an old man.”

We laughingly protested against his suspicions, and urged him to continue, it seemed to give him so much pleasure; but the old man was firm, and could not be moved from his determination. So we begged for a song in the way of a farewell. The request pleased him, and catching up the guitar, he thrummed for a minute on the strings, and then sang in a mellow tenor, marvellous for a man of his age, the exquisite song of Beranger.

“ Adieu, charmant pays de France
Que je dois tant chérir!
Berceau de mon heureuse enfance,
Adieu! te quitter c’est mourir.”

We had noticed on leaving the professor’s a faint pink glow in the southern sky, but had attributed it to nothing more than a change in the weather or

temperature. As we walked on, however, under the stars, the glow spread and deepened, and there shot up fitfully into the blue ether dim volumes of smoke, until, almost before we were conscious of it, the whole southern heavens were enwrapped in the red glare of fire. The tower of Notre Dame stood out in clear, black, pencilled outlines against the sky; the dome of the Invalides was all ablaze, and gleaming like some gigantic, brazen helmet in mid-air; all Paris was bathed in the far-reaching tints of the flames. What was it? where was it? we shouted to flying citizens, and no answer came back to us. Hurrying on, we passed the Porte Maillot, and in a few minutes, stood at the barricade in the avenue de l'Emperatrice just below the barrier d'Etoile. There a noisy crowd was gathered, and cries of "St. Cloud — St. Cloud !" passed from mouth to mouth like electric shocks along a wire. The report was subsequently confirmed; the old chateau was in flames.

We hastened on again to the Plage de la Concorde, in hopes of getting a view of the conflagration from the roof of one of the buildings there. But the doors were closed, and we were turning away in disappointment, when there came up from the Rue de Rivoli

the mingled sounds of many voices and tramping feet. As the tumultuous mass came nearer, the lamps shone on the beardless faces of thousands of rough looking lads and brown bloused artisans, sweeping along the streets with frantic enthusiasm and fierce eagerness depicted in their looks and gestures. At first a mere chaos of discordant screeching, without sense and without rythm, arose from the surging multitude; then as the van of the mob approached, was heard the wild, stern air of the Marseillaise. They call this a hymn — this martial air of Rouget de Lisle's, inspired by wine and improvised on his claricord, as he went staggering through the streets of Strasbourg on a cold winter night in '92. It is a hymn of terror; burdened with glory and patriotism, it has as often led to crime as to victory. The vast significance of the song throbs in the music, and the words themselves are harmless. No historian can catch as vividly as this chant breathes the spirit of the reign of terror; it seems the spontaneous outburst of the universal heart of Paris.

“What's all this?” Frank asked of a National guard beside him, pointing to the mixed procession.

“Ce sont les pupilles de la republique,” he replied sarcastically.

They passed, shouting and screaming, one strophe here, another there, and soon their cries and tumult were lost to the hearing, and the streets quiet and undisturbed as before. Walking home, we thought once more of the lonely old man at Passy, whose life had been so exact a type of his country's history. Ever with his fine tastes and high ideal of beauty and right, he had been aspiring toward the higher, and ever the effort seemed to bring him lower. Is it true that revolutions — and what are these petty manifestations of the multitude and the struggles of individual hearts, but revolutions? — is it true that they are the expression of a universal longing for better things? If so, and it is the kindlier view after all, let us judge this people more leniently. Mrs. Browning has a fine line to the Florentines, which might be equally well applied to the French —

“A noble people who, being greatly vexed,
In act, in aspiration keep undaunted.”

CHAPTER VI.

A NIGHT IN THE WARDS.

ONE night Frank and I were detailed to keep watch in one of the tents. It was a still, starlit evening, and the moon sailed high and full in the clear blue of the heavens. A peaceful quiet reigned over the camp ; the gentlemen-volunteers had departed long ago, and only the echoing memory of their songs lingered ; here and there a light glanced to and fro for a minute, and then sank again into gloom. In the stillness of the night and with the moonbeams striking in a flood of mellow mist on the tented field, the camp looked like some mystic, white-pavilioned city of an eastern fairy-tale.

Within the barrack a single lamp burned, and its glimmering rays were cast on the long rows of brown-quilted couches, and fell athwart the burned face of some sleeper, or a brawny arm thrust without the coverlet. Every shoe and sack and chair was in its proper place : order and neatness were conspicuous in all the arrangements. The deep breathing of the men was the only sound to disturb the quiet. An

hour ago it had been different. Lights streamed from every partition-pole, and eager shouts of cinq! — neuf! — quinze! — le diable! — c'est à moi! — *keno!* — rang through the ward. They were playing at the strangely fascinating game of keno, which is the special delight of the French soldiers of the line and guard. In the midst of the excitement, the canvas-door of the barrack had been parted, and the shrill alto of Madame Bernois announced “Le Major!” and instantly every red nightcap and every blue képi had been doffed, and, as they turned again to their game, a murmuring echo of “le major” had gone round from mouth to mouth.

Very pleasant it was to see — the grateful respect of these poor soldiers. They had nothing else to return for services done, so they simply offered the incense of their large-hearted love and gratitude. This was particularly true of the brave Bretons. Into the eyes of these stalwart, bearded men big tears would start as they said good-bye to the friends who had cared for them so long. Now there was Doucet who —

“Dreamer!” thundered a voice close beside me, “where’s that nigger of yours?”

I had been dozing. It was only the doctor come

to make his nightly round, and he had but whispered in my ear.

“Sam!” I exclaimed, starting up conscience-stricken and ashamed. “Why, he’s over there by Diderot.”

Advancing a ways, by the light of the lamp, we saw the darkie kneeling near the bed, his head buried in his arms and to all appearance zealously engaged in his evening devotions. Before I could divine his purpose, the doctor strode a pace, grasped the kneeler by the collar, and shook him on his feet in a twinkling.

“Eh — what — who” — blurted the poor fellow, rolling round his eyes in the endeavor to collect his drowsy wits.

“Sam,” said the doctor, “what does this mean?”

“Eh! I were jes saying my prayers, sah;” the demure innocence that peered out of the large whites of those eyes!

“Look here, Sam.”

“Yes sah.”

“Are you asleep now?”

“No, sah.”

“Are you drunk?”

“No, sah!”

“The poor fellow over there’s dying, — go!”

The darkie went away grinning to his post, and the doctor, saying he would be back within a half-hour to see the dying man and giving directions for his care, passed on quietly through the tent, and we were left alone again.

Cosson — that was the man's name — was unconscious now, and moaned and talked incoherently; his face was palid and his breathing thick and heavy; but there was to an inexperienced eye no sign of death about face or limb. So I returned to my post and waited. Waiting for death! you don't want it to come and yet sit waiting for it to come. It is something like that strange inconsistency of desire that leads us to mourn that life is so short, but to wish many a weary minute over — those priceless drops that go to fill the cup of existence. The scenes we had gone through may have hardened or accustomed us to forms and thoughts of death; at any rate I felt no fear, though in its very presence, perhaps. After all the doctor might be mistaken; he never yet had been, to be sure, but then it hardly seemed possible that one who was warm with the pulsating blood of life, whose heart but yesterday was throbbing with hope and feeling, should pass away so very suddenly. He was such a fine fellow, too, and could God take

him away from the earth where he was needed so much? I looked at my watch. If the doctor was coming —

“Quick, quick, Massa Frank; he’s gwine.” It was the voice of the negro, but husky with emotion.

We hastened immediately to the bedside, and stooped down to examine the body. Yes; he had gone, and his journey was ended.

As in the case of hundreds of others, nothing was known to us of his life-history. He had been a zouave, and had served in Rome, Syria, and Algeria — that was all we knew. His strong, square features were of the dusky hue of the *chasseur d’Afrique*, and his beard long and bushy; large, gray eyes peered out from under the shaggy brows and shone with a warm friendliness of expression. He had drawn us to him by his contemptuous indifference to pain, and his kindly joviality of manner, and how his comrades would miss him! Everyone knew the fragrance and fashion of his tightly-rolled cigarettes, and his hearty laugh had often cheered the whole ward. But he was gone now. In his last strong agony he had clutched the blanket, and now held it fast in his closed fist. He was a man of large and muscular frame, and as he lay there in the dim lamp light,

one could not help thinking of Tennyson's fine picture of the warrior Geraint : —

“And bared the knotted column of his throat,
The massive square of his heroic breast,
And arms on which the standing muscles sloped
As slopes a wild brook o'er a little stone.
Running too vehemently to break upon it.”

He had been struck off in his manhood, and none knew who he was or whence he came. Perhaps few cared to know ; he was but one of a great army — a grain of sand on the sea-shore. The strange thing that had so inexplicably come into being and which had animated the livid face and warmed the glazed eye a few seconds ago, had as inexplicably gone out of being — gone out to meet its Maker.

An hour glided by. The doctor had come and gone, and left us alone once more. Two or three times we passed out into the deep quiet of the night, and looking up into the stars, talked together of the present and dreamed of the future. It was in returning from one of these stolen moments of relaxation that we found Madame Bernois in the entrance of the tent.

“How's Cosson?” she asked.

“Dead !”

“*Pauvre enfant* ! I was afraid so ; and Diderot ?

“Quiet now.”

“*Bon* ! he’s one of my pets, you know ! he calls me *ma tante*,” and so saying she passed on into the darkness at the other end of the tent.

“I wonder what that woman’s come over here for,” growled Frank.

“To see the Ancient Mariner, I presume.”

“He isn’t one of her patients.”

“No ; but she takes considerable interest in him.”

The Ancient Mariner was one of the pets of the camp. He was so called because he had the glittering eye and skinny hand of that strange man of Coleridge’s tale ; there was a wild flightiness in all his actions, and when he talked, his eyes shone with a mingled frenzy and kind of frightened stare. Ungainly in form and of a moody and reckless disposition, he had fought like a very demon on the battle-field, and received no less than nine wounds in different parts of his body. Most men might have died of these complicated injuries, but the mariner was very unlike the majority of men ; he was one of those fierce, restless, plucky natures, which seem to have some inner monitor that, like Barnaby Rudge’s raven, keep croaking—

"Never say die!" He clung to life with the marvellous tenacity of animal instinct, and yet without a single fear of death that men in his position are frequently led to express. He was a Mobile, and like most of the Mobiles, a pleasant lad, honest, ignorant, hard-handed and impulsive.

Beside him lay a wounded National Guard. He is a sleek, respectable, money-making merchant from the Rue Vivienne, and has his shop and family to care for. He thinks it well enough, for a while at least, to sport round in a natty uniform, to repair in the morning to the Palais Royal or the Champs de Mars to drill with his company, to *manifest* at the statue of Strasbourg with bouquets, speeches, and huzzas, and perhaps to sleep in the barracks over night with only a blanket and a *couvre à pied*. But you know one gets tired by and by even with playing at soldier. Besides, business is at a standstill; he has already lost considerably, and the quarter rents are coming in soon. He is, in every sense of the word, a moderate: his sentiments are diametrically opposed to *geurre à l'outrance*. He cannot very well mount guard at the outposts, for who would protect his hearth and home? He is in favor of *sorties en masse*,

perhaps, but then, you see, how is it possible for him to be forward in action, when his first and chief duties are those of a father and a husband. He would rather throw down his arms, and surrender, than have the Prussians invade Paris with fire and sword.

To this man — the contemptible outgrowth of a contemptible system — the Mobile is really not related.

“Mark his condition and the event; then tell me
If this might be a brother.”

They both speak the same language, and are classed under the one exceedingly convenient class of Celt; but they differ from each other, as the Wall street broker differs from the Hudson river valley farmer. The one has been brought up amid this gilded system of *espionnage* and corruption; the other, in the wholesome atmosphere of the vintage, under the watchful eye of his curé. One has, by the sharp practices of trade, become shrewd, politic, and artful; the other carries with him the guilelessness, the sobriety, the simple-mindedness of his provincial life. In war, one is hardy, faithful, orderly; the other delicate-handed, unstable, reluctant to labor. The National Guard and the Mobile are indeed types of the city and

the Province, and, by the way, it is as unreasonable to judge the French people by the Parisians as it is to judge a provincial by a citizen.

"Hark!" Frank had jumped up and was peering into the farther end of the tent.

At the same instant, we heard suppressed whispers, soon a sounding kiss — a smart slap — a curse — a laugh — and through the gloom a man's form rushed past us.

"The she-devil!" he muttered aloud.

"Who was it?" asked Frank excitedly.

"I couldn't tell; he passed too quickly."

"Didn't Warnock say he was going to watch with Lebord at that end of the tent, to-night?"

"Yes," I was obliged to say.

"It's very strange."

"What am strange?" spoke out a familiar voice at our elbow.

"Why, Madame Bernois," Frank answered, for it was she, "what was all that hubbub about, a little while ago?"

"Eh! — I caught him — yah, yah! Massa Warnock, he will try to kiss me, and I — las! I hit him *such* a box on the ear — did you hear him?" and slap-

ping her hands together in great glee, Madame was gone like a flash.

“Lou,” begun Frank, after a long interval of silence, during which we had been lying down to catch a little sleep, “was that Zouave — Cosson — married?”

I had to confess my ignorance, and he sank again into silence. What could he be thinking of? helping the widow in her bereavement? It would be just like him; he was supplying his poorer neighbors with *bouillon* gratuitously now. He hadn't the patience to sit and read of an afternoon to a bed-ridden, wounded man; but then he would stake five francs on a game of *écarté* and lose it on purpose.

“Lou!”

“Well?” I answered quickly, hoping to get at the object of his question.

“We are very near to God here.”

Now Frank was never troubled with religious fears at all, so I said with some surprise, and thinking now of the death of Cosson.

“We are indeed.”

“And to the devil,” he added.

CHAPTER VII.

MADAME BERNOIS.

WHATEVER mystery there had been in last night's proceedings, it was cleared away the next morning, with entire satisfaction to all parties concerned. It was a mere piece of pleasantry on the part of Warnock, and had met with rather a stinging rebuke from the irascible Madame, who, however, apologized for it in her blunt way when she happened upon the offender in the morning. So, despite the civil sneers and innuendoes of certain prim old ladies in the camp, Madame still retained friends and favor at court, and mutual understanding and good humor were completely restored.

Breakfast was scarcely over the next day, when she was observed crossing from her dominions to the ambulance. She came tripping daintily over the muddy places, her head thrown loftily back, her dark, oval face shining, and her pearly teeth glistening between the full red lips. Ah, Monsieur May, thou painter of portraits, is she not a queen in her way, this quadroon? Men say she was comely before the

variola left its pock-marks in her skin, and even now, though inclining to corpulency, her form is of the exquisite mould of southern beauty. She passed over, entered the gate, and was going by the entrance of one of the tents when the well-known burden of a street song, accompanied by the clatter of a pair of heels, came to her ears : —

“ Je suis un Republicaine.”

sang the solo in a high key.

“ Oui,” replied a chorus of voices.

“ Mais pas un Socialist ” continued the voice.

“ Non,” croaked the chorus, with considerable emphasis on the negative.

“ Hey — what’s all this ? ” demanded Madame, firing up, as she stepped into view, and threw around her glance of offended majesty, withering the group of infirmiers that sat there plucking sea-weed and stuffing mattresses.

“ Madame,” began Alphonse, who appeared to be the maestro of the orchestra, and had evidently been capering about the boards to beat time to the music. But he got no further.

“ *Allez vite !* and get to your work,” was the stern command ; and the dancer slunk away wincing under her look.

Satisfied with this exhibition of her authority, the quadrone went on with a lighter step and more queenly mien, directing her footsteps toward the kitchen. In the doorway stood Cantatrice, and the very presence of the two boded mischief of some kind. For once upon a time, after that the former chef de cuisine had been dismissed on a charge of petty larceny in camp, Madame had been placed, *pro tem.*, at the head of the department, and for a while had ruled her army of tins and kettles and bare-armed attendants most royally and well. She was an excellent cook, and every inducement was held out to her from head-quarters to retain the position; but one day, after a series of provoking annoyances, arising from the malicious influence and scheming of certain outsiders, aliens to Israel, the persecuted woman came rushing into the Pharmacy, where the doctor and several aids sat in converse, and with wrathful eyes and outstretched hands, exclaimed in her broken English, the words quivering on her lips in the excess of her rage: — “How you tink it looks — eh? Tink dis chile goes over dar in de — de cuisine any more? Non, non, non! Don’t catch dis chile dar again. Why you laugh — hey? Don’t you see it ruin my hands so I can no play de piano?”

Wat you tink *on dit* when dey see driving on de avenue? Eh bien, voila la femme qui — who cooked for de ambulance Américaine. Dis chile cook for de ambulance no longer — dar!” which meant, stripped of its sophistry, partly that Madame was tired of playing *chef* and wanted something else to do, but chiefly that she wanted to escape the nest of hornets, where she was vexed and thwarted by Cantatrice, Mrs. Cass, Jasienski the Pole, and others, of the same brood. Nevertheless, having once swayed the sceptre, Madame had now and then taken occasion to demonstrate to the camp that, despite her abdication, she still held no little share of the imperium in the culinary department; and hence her clan-like raids upon the larder were rather more frequent than even the regnant chef, good natured as he was, could brook with impunity.

It was with the air, then, of a former mistress, that she approached the kitchen entrance.

“Well, what do you want here?” asked Cantatrice in French, confronting the quadroon with a most provoking smile.

“Mademoiselle, is the chef within?” she said, restraining the ire that was so sure to break in flashes from her eyes, if it came at all.

“ Qui sait ? ” with a slight shrug of the pretty shoulders, and a silvery laugh.

“ *Tu sais bien*,” was the quick retort.

The singer winced a bit at this insolent familiarity, then broke out into one of her tantalizing laughs, hard and ringing as metal.

“ Does Madame want to see the chef particularly ? ” she said.

“ Does Mademoiselle want a box on the ear — hey ? ”

“ Madame is facetious.”

“ Mademoiselle is insolent.”

“ Oh, you saucy wench ! to come over here among decent people and — ”

“ Mademoiselle’s mouth is too large for her head.”

“ Tra-la-la, merci ; it can serve its purposes well enough.”

“ If they’re the Devil’s — yes ! ”

“ Mais, Madame wishes to see the chef ? ”

“ Eh bien ? ”

“ Ask Monsieur Warnock where he is.”

“ And not Monsieur Jasiaski ? ” was the spiteful retort.

“ Pauvre enfant ! I will have you on my last bead to-night,” and with a pealing laugh, Cantatrice retired.

Madame passed into the kitchen, but was thence attracted to the dining-room by the sounds of a voice which she had good reason to know. It was just at the close of the morning meal, and the gentlemen of the staff were still seated about the table, and at present listening to the Pole, who stood in the center of the room, waving a piece of paper, and talking loudly. He was commonly a mild, well conducted personage, but this morning his soul was stirred with the glory of triumph, and he seemed inflated proportionately.

“Zere ! is it not very good ? fifty-one kilos — *ze bon* is for fifty-one kilos, messieurs. I got it by a coup d’etat of my own. It is a good morning’s work, n’est ce pas ?”

Indeed Jasienski was jubilant. As purveyor to the hospital he had proved himself useful in procuring by personal solicitation of the public such necessities as coffee, sugar, chocolate and wine ; but to obtain an order for any large amount of beef required the higher arts of diplomacy, the honor being in the same ratio. Now in this, as in other matters, the Pole and Rienzi the Italian often came in conflict, and the rivalry between them was bitter and unceasing. On the morning in question, Jasienski had

succeeded in drawing an order for fifty-one kilos, and had returned to display it to the assembled ambulance, particularly, perhaps, for the benefit of the Italian, who was sitting quietly apart, with an expression on his countenance impossible to define. He was observed, too, to be restive and uneasy as the Polish gentleman went on with his talk.

“Zis is all, then,” he concluded, triumphantly, looking askance at his dark-eyed rival, “and Mademoiselle may go and get ze meat directly. It is no leettle matère to get fifty-one kilos of fresh beef.”

“*Tenez !*” cried the Italian rising all of a sudden, and addressing the other, “let me see your *bon*.”

“No, monsieur, I cannot,” he replied withdrawing a step or two.

“*Diavolo !* — I don’t believe it’s good, Monsieur Pole.”

“Does monsieur doubt my word ?”

“Let me see it then.”

“I will not.”

“It must be stale horse-meat — assuredly, it is horse-meat.”

“No, no — I tell you no ; messieurs, do not trust his insinuation.”

“Sacr — r — r — r — — —”

“ Monsieur, the curé is in the room.”

“ Peste ! what is fifty-one kilos, any way ?”

“ Can Monsieur get fifty-one kilos ?”

“ Ha — ha !”

“ Can Monsieur get more than fifty-one kilos ? repeated the irate Pole emphatically.”

“ *Per Bacco !*” the other exclaimed, leaning over the table with flaming eyes, his very hands trembling with the eagerness of passion, as he pulled out of his breast-pocket a piece of crumpled paper, and shook it exultingly in the Pole’s face. “ Voila — voila ! mon ami — a *bon* for one hundred and twenty kilos.”

“ One hundred and twenty kilos !” shrieked the bewildered purveyor.

“ One hundred and twenty kilos,” was the answer.

“ ’Tis false.”

“ *Parbleu !*”

“ It’s a forgery.”

“ Eh !”

By this time quite a crowd had collected in the doorways, and even the chef with his attendants had abandoned the pots and boilers to witness the squabble. Seeing this, and fearful that it might result more seriously than at first anticipated, the Dominie

interfered, and attempted to arrest the progress of the quarrel which it bid fair to become. While yet the reverend gentleman was engaged in his difficult task of arbitration, Madame, who had heretofore kept unnoticed in the shade, watching for her opportunity, glided softly out of the room, entered the deserted kitchen, ransacked the closets, and finally decamped with a paper of Leibic and a few pounds of beef.

A few minutes afterward she stood in the stately hall of the chevalier's maison.

"Jacques — Eugénie — Théophile?" cried her majesty shrilling.

A white cap appeared above the stairway, and — "Madame?" said the head cook of the household. Then Jacques, the fratteur, came, and finally the "bonne," hobbling along in her sabots.

"Théophile," commanded madame rapidly in French, "take this beef, and have it well done — *well* done — do you understand. And you, Eugénie, bring down some more sheets and pillow-cases — don't touch those cases on your life — and here are the keys — go!" and as the two departed on their separate errands, "now, Jacques, where are the confitures you promised me? Come, no lying, sir."

"Madame," replied the little withered man, with a

preliminary shrug, "it was impossible for me to do anything."

"*Coquin !*"

"Non, Madame, *pardonnez moi* —" with a comical screw of the shrivelled lips, "I could not really."

"Why? — tell me the *why, misérable*," exclaimed his angered mistress.

"The 'Major' was there—"

"Go and tell the 'Major' himself what you want, *ignorant*. Did you suppose I sent you to steal?"

"*Eh bien !* that was just what I thought," he said under his breath, gazing after the vanishing form of his mistress, with a sly wink of one eye.

A strange compound of shrewdness and ignorance, of humor and dullness, is Maître Jacques, the old peasant man of the Haute Garonne. His pinched, sallow, wizened face — with its firm mouth, double chin, knotted throat and twinkling gray eyes, is a study for the artist. Despite his shoulder-stoop and wrinkled skin, his sinews and muscles are yet tough and elastic, for he is of the long-lived and well-preserved race. His occupation is to polish floors, which he has followed, like his father and his father's father before him, from his youth upward, and never dreams of changing or rising from a profession which,

like that of chiffonier, is hereditary in the family. After waxing the oaken boards, he jumps upon his polisher and by a peculiar twist and forward movement of the body, propels it onward, and so over and over until the surface is shining like the mirrors of the Maison Dorée. But to return.

Half an hour later, Madame was in her own ward, bending over the attenuated form of a boy not over sixteen years of age. On the bed lay a tray containing a dish of Leibic, a plate of beef, and a desert of coffee and confitures. Young François had been struck in the hip by a fragment of shell while peeping through an aperture at the fortifications, and being brought to the maison, Madame had made him her special charge. It was an inexplicable mystery to us how she came to be so attached to the poor lad. Day and night she watched over him; his sufferings seemed to become by her intense sympathy her own sufferings. She fed him, and dressed his wounds, with her own hands, and none else but the *Major* was permitted to touch him. For the boy's sake, she would scold the servants, and deceive the aids, plunder the lockers, and even go so far as to confront Mrs. Cass's righteous wrath. But all her care, her watching, her tenderness, proved unavailing.

One cold night in January, poor little François was released from his pain and suffering, and all the night long, the devoted woman kept her vigil, grief-stricken and alone, with the cold corpse.

It was in the cool of the summer mornings, long after the siege, and but a few weeks after the commune, that Madame told me the story of her life.

She was the natural child of a mulatto girl and a New Orleans smuggler. Her mother had been kidnapped from her home in Louisiana, conveyed to France, brought back again fortuitously, made the wager of a desperate gambling game, and thus finally bartered into slavery to satisfy a master's whim. Her father, whom she unwittingly represented to be a bold, reckless, unprincipled ruffian, was by profession a seaman, and was in the habit of making voyages to the Mexican coasts, purchasing contraband goods, and smuggling them through the custom house, to be sold at auction in the streets of New Orleans. Helen — that was the name of the offspring of this ill-starred *liason* — could not, according to the statutes of the New Orleans slave-law, be separated from her mother until she had reached the age of ten, and consequently, when sold by her quondam master, mother and child were sold together. They were bought by a Mr.

Percy, for the sum of one thousand and eight hundred dollars.

It was in this gentleman's house that the child's troubles seem to have begun. On one occasion she was ordered to scour the table-knives; on her mistress's return, she had succeeded only in burnishing the blades and rendering the rust-spots more indelible. Incensed at the girl's ignorance, and perhaps, further irritated by the sharpness of her tongue, though Madame would not acknowledge that, Mrs. Percy caught up one of the knives, and threw it with considerable force at the white face of the trembling culprit. It left a gash, the marks of which she carried through life. It was not a new kind of treatment to the child, and still bleeding, and wild with pain, she rushed screaming into the street. There was little help for her; she was forced to return to the house, and the daily routine of abuse and rebuff, which was the slave's inevitable portion in not a few of these southern families.

Her connection with the Percy's, however, was severed soon afterward. She had requested of the mistress of the house permission to go out, and, though refused the liberty, persisted in the demand; a vio-

lent scene ensued ; the woman was angered at the child's obstinacy ; in a fit of passion, she siezed in her grasp the long, black, glossy locks, and, despite the most desperate resistance, clipped them off handful by handful, with a relentless cruelty that was characteristic of just such a woman as Madame described her to be. On hearing her tale, her father went directly to Mr. Percy's bank, accused him of maltreatment of his child, menaced him with the power of the law, and ultimately frightened him into a bargain, by which Helen was sold to her parent for eight hundred dollars. But she was still in servitude.

Nothing will better illustrate several sides of this remarkable woman's character than the following anecdote, which she related with a candor and appearance of truthfulness hard to question. A woman of bad reputation — a poor unfortunate — was wounded in the streets, and nobody would take her in. Helen happening to be by, and seeing the destitute condition of the woman, had her carried to her mother's dwelling, and there, day by day, watched over and cared for her. Strongly opposed to her bringing home and nursing one of so disreputable a character, and finding her own expostulations unavailing, her mother at length prevailed on the parish priest to interfere.

“What!” said Helen, in her bold, impulsive way, in reply to the solemn reproof of the churchman, “turn her out into the street! Is that your humanity—your Christianity? Who’s your master, Monsieur le Curé? Shame on you! Show me where the woman can be cared for, and I will have her taken there, but turn her out into the street! shame on you!—No, I don’t want your counsel.” She spoke in French, and no doubt well, as she always did when roused and indignant. She has been heard to rebuke a gentleman, her elder and superior, with an eloquence that, though rude and disjointed, was impressive at the time. It was supremely ludicrous when you reflected on the circumstances afterward.

She was still almost a child when she became engaged to a young Englishman, who lived opposite her mother’s in New Orleans. There is little doubt he married the girl for her beauty; nothing else, as far as one can see, would have overbalanced so completely the common prejudices of blood and color. And in the bloom of her youth she was undoubtedly a beautiful girl. Even at the time we knew her, the clear-cut, regular features, the oval, smiling face, the wavy, black hair, the dark, rich hue, and the finely-developed form, showed signs of an alluring

womanhood. She obtained her freedom, was married, and, in a few years — deserted. The husband sailed to Europe, taking one child with him, and leaving a boy behind with the mother. The French law of marriage did not hold outside of France and New Orleans. Madame Bernois went to Paris.

At Paris Madame found employment of a peculiar nature. It will be remembered that long before the Franco-Prussian war, Napoleon had in his employ a large detective force, and few, even of the friends of the empire, knew who these secret agents were, so perfectly was the system organized. In every public office, in every private household, it is said that there was at least one suborned spy. There is reason to believe that Madame Bernois was enrolled on the books of this secret service. Very few would have guessed that that dark, stylish little lady, who rode out to the Bois every afternoon in her phaeton, with a little boy richly attired by her side, was an emissary of the Emperor and a seamstress of the Princess Mathilde. Still less would the idea have occurred to you, could you have attended one of her *reunions* in the Boulevard des Italiens. With untiring perseverance and resolution, Madame had taught herself to write a fair hand and to play passably on the piano ; she was

naturally a ready and vivacious talker, and what with her iron strength of will, her ready apprehension, and quick insight into character, and shrewd way of guessing at things, contrived to please and amuse the class of people who frequented her *salon*, politicians, third-rate artists, and newspaper reporters.

There is a story she used to tell in connection with the imperial family which I give in outline, though not able to vouch for its truth. The Princess Mathilde had several trunks of plate and jewelry in England, which she desired very much to have transported into France, and with as much secrecy as possible. Madame Bernois was chosen for the enterprise. She was, as I have said, needlewoman to the princess, and in France, this implies a closer relation than that of mistress and maid in America. It might be due to her fidelity as a serving woman, as well as to her cunning and artfulness, that she was selected for so important a trust; at any rate Madame was sent, and within a marvellously short time, the trunks of treasure were safe in the Tuilleries, and not a breath of suspicion raised. She had brought them across the channel, one by one, each time in a different disguise, and each time on a different line of boats. One can hardly give credence to this tale;

it sounds too much like fiction ; and yet it is not much above the par of some of Madame's exploits during the Commune, which are known to have been performed.

It is certain, however that this remarkable woman was, at sometime and in some capacity, associated intimately with those in power. The Archbishop recognized her when he met her in the wards of the hospital. Trochu shook hands with her. Sarrazin seemed to know her well, and Ricord nodded to her as he passed by. She was acquainted with nearly all of the editors who visited the camp. These, in themselves trifles, in Paris are big with significance. It will be noticed that with the overthrow of the Empire, Madame's fortunes declined ; and looking at this portion of her history, one comes all of a sudden to the undercurrent of that great hidden life of Paris, about which we know so little. Yet she still had access to the Palace and Corps Législatif. For instance, we were desirous, before leaving Paris, of procuring some pieces of the imperial plate, as mementos of the fallen dynasty, and to whom should we apply but Madame Bernois. ? And she got what we wanted ; two or three huge servers of fine *Sèvres* china with the golden crown in the centre, three or four finely-cut

tumblers bearing the crown, a pitcher with red decoration, one with gilt edging and crown, and another, magenta decoration, with L. P., surmounted by the Bourbon crown. It is not easy to see how she could have secured this ware outside of the Tuilleries.

She was indeed a most extraordinary woman ; the most opposite and conflicting elements seemed to meet in her character, and one seldom knew when to trust, and when to distrust her. Some would at once, without much forethought or deliberation, have pronounced her a bold, bad woman, but the judgment would have been uncharitable as it was unjust. To the wounded she was as tender and careful as a sister of mercy ; she treated her own bright-eyed little son with the harshness of fabled step-mothers. Scanning her conduct on the outside, one might suppose it to be shaped mainly by selfishness of aim and interest ; but there were times when you could look into her heart, and say for certain, it were not so. She would spend days by the side of friends taken with the small-pox, and covertly carry provisions to those in need. Her motives were as evidently controlled by prejudice and partiality as by personal interest. She did indeed bow and cringe to a few superiors, and probably she had her reasons for it,

but she made distinctions on the grounds of like and dislike all the same. She liked and hated with equal intensity — the outgrowth of a warm, impulsive, unrestrained nature. Toward certain ladies who had opposed her entrance to the Ambulance, on the pretext of color, she nourished a grudge as lasting as life; her friends were the recipients of a thousand little acts of kindness and regard. To gain any end she had in view, it mattered not to what extent of lying and deception she was carried. Her ingenuousness, her bluntness of speech, her boldness and frankness of carriage, were only masks to a crafty and artful brain. From her bitter life-experience, she had learned to penetrate almost unerringly into the hearts and intents of men, and to conceal her own designs in turn. Her resoluteness and energy were truly wonderful, and for the developement of these qualities of mind, all her life seems to have been a school. Her fearlessness of opinion and promptitude in action carried her triumphantly over every obstacle, whatever its difficulty and magnitude. A woman, in whom there was something of good and a good deal of evil — a woman, who, with education and moral restraints, would perhaps have made a Madame de Stäel politically — a woman destined to remain in the lower walks of life, a spy, and petty intriguer.

CHAPTER VIII.

A DAY IN CAMP.

“HO, ho, ho! do you hear what young Lesenne says?”

It was during the morning dressings in tent No. 4. We had commenced our work earlier than usual, for the Archbishop of Paris was expected to visit the Ambulance this morning, and bless the tents and men. Perhaps it was the expected arrival of His Holiness that had put the “boys” in such good spirits; at any rate, whatever might be the cause, they were noisy and jubilant to an unusual degree passing the “mots militaires” from mouth to mouth, with evident zest and spirit. This time it was the hoarse guffaw of the big zouave in the corner.

“*Quoi donc!*” called out Deucet from his bed, where he sat complacently dressing his stump of a leg.

“He says he’s got a pin in the big-toe of his right foot — ho, ho!”

Now poor Lesenne had lost his right leg on the field of Malmaison, that was all; but somehow the laugh

had got started, and exploded at the most pointless sallies. It was rather cruel in the zouave, too, though I'm sure he didn't mean it, for the young, fresh looking wife of the *amputé* sat by his side, and blushed red as a rose at the merriment directed against her husband.

"Le *Major* will take it out for you," came from the other end of the tent.

"Yes," said a fair haired, slender young Parisian, a corporal in the National Guard, and a good representative of the Bourgeois class, with his ready intelligence, volubility, and quickness of apprehension, "yes, so he will, *ma foi*! and, by the way, have you heard, comrades, what Buisson and those fellows in No. 1 said of the *Major* the other day?"

"No — no; *dites* — let's hear — what was it?" cried several.

"*La petite mère* told it to me; *eh bien*, Lebars, you know, said the doctor was so good and kind to them, and Buisson — he speaks up and says: 'oui, but he's got one fault.' 'Eh, what's that?' the rest cry out, and Lebars was mad, I warrant you. 'Why,' says Buisson, 'he don't speak French.' 'That's true,' some say; but Sol, the cute little fellow with the fractured arm — of the line, ain't he? yes, I

thought so, well, he says, 'yes, that's so, but if he did, he would be perfect, and if he was perfect he wouldn't live any longer'."

"Ha, ha! hi, hi! Pfui! that beats you, Doucet!" were the cries that went round.

"Mon Dieu! it was not bad," replied Doucet grumpily, "but — but I have my plan."

"Il a son plan
Plan, plan, plan, plan
Mon Dieu! quel beau plan
Je sais le plan de Trochu,"

sang the zouave, raising his great voice in song. The familiar air, a parody on Trochu's pedantic announcement of his "plan" was caught up immediately, and hummed all round the ward.

"Doucet! — *allons!* — the plan — the plan!" — the boys shouted, when some degree of quiet had been restored.

Thus called upon, Doucet, who was undeniably the driest wag in camp, proceeded to pose himself for a speech. He doffed his fez, laid aside his cigarette, patted his stump, and in high, shrill tones, which grew sharper and more bitter as he went on, began :

“ Messieurs — et mesdames (ou sont elles ?), once upon a time there was a young eagle born in France. His sad flight was first winged at Strasbourg — O what a flight was there, my comrades ! Time passed, and this eagle grew and strengthened ; and one day in his consuming lust for dominion and power, swept down upon Boulogne as upon a sheep gone astray. But forth came the ram of the fold, and showed his horns, and with his filthy crew the eagle vanished and fled into darkness. And from darkness he came again (is it not so ?) and lighted on the shores of our belle France. Quoi donc ! we fed him, we fattened him, we petted him, we put him in a gilded cage (hisses) — oui ! in the Elysée. But he swelled and strutted and plumed himself and became too big for his gilded cage ; he drew vultures and harpies round him, and through them, he made himself king and head of all the guileless tribe of birds. Higher, higher still higher, he flew and circled, and then, on a sudden, darted down — whither ? down upon his own people — his own empire, and, surrounded by his parasites, dug beak and talon in that people’s entrails — pah ! Thus gorged with flesh and drenched with gore, he perched him on the loftiest peak — the bloody-crested king of birds (loud applause), and so years and years this

mighty eagle governed all his cliff and valley. But one day great eagles from the North came sweeping down — black, foul creatures with bristling beak and claw — and they pounced upon the old eagle, and carried him away, with all his splendid army, to the chill North, and then — and then coming, besieged the nest where the callow eaglets lay. Ha! would you have the moral?"

A shout went up through the barrack — a shout in which something of mirth, bitterness, and ferocity were strangely mingled. The wit and humor of this people are inexplicable. All Paris laughs at the coarse and obscene caricatures of Alfred le Petit; at the clubs the awful profanity and impious jests of the orators are received with applause; the scurrilous ribaldry chalked on the tents in the *jardin des Tuilleries* excite the laughter and afford amusement to the passers-by. Doucet was a born humorist, and saw things in the most incongruous light; but, like many other intelligent soldiers of the line, he felt that he was a wronged man, wheedled and gulled by his emperor. Consequently, his humor was soaked and soured in gall, as it were. He had put to his lips the sponge dipped in hyssop, and to a healthy mind, his fun was dry, caustic, extravagant.

But the laugh was loud and long, for it was something the boys could understand and enjoy — this rude kind of parable, and Doucet settled contentedly to his task again, screwing his mouth into a pucker habitual with him after making a hit.

Then there was silence for a while in the ward, until Doucet, apparently gratified by his success and willing to encourage, called out to Arnaud for a song. But there was another reason for the request, and some of us understood it directly. By the side of the orator lay a wounded German — a tawny-haired, blue-eyed Saxon, Bruno by name, of manners so gentle and quiet and subdued that he drew us all to him. He understood not a word of the French jargon about him, and it was his wont, in the loneliness of his heart, when he could not have Keeler or Lisette, the Alsatian nurse, to talk to him, to talk or sing lowly to himself. He was in intense suffering, and this was about his only consolation. But the consequences of the custom might often have been unpleasant for him, had it not been for Doucet, who when he heard rising louder the hum of those military airs, to which his foe had marched to victory, would drown it with a jest or laughter. He felt for the poor German, and would save him from abuse

and taunts; and so, when Bruno, at first lying still amid the uproar that followed Doucet's speech, at length fell into the familiar burden of the "Wacht am Rhein," humming it softly, and then, as the blue eyes brightened, in louder strains, the good-natured wag broke in with his boisterous demand for a song.

The minute after, there arose from the other end of the tent, the quaint old melody of the "Départ pour la Syrie," sung in soft, plaintive tones, rudely perhaps, but with genuine feeling.

. "Amour à la plus belle,
 Honneur au plus vaillant,"
 .

he sang, lingering on the last notes, and repeating them once more, the voice dying away as if loath to leave the sweet sounds. It was Arnaud, Maurice Arnaud, our Troubadour; he came from the south of France, and there seemed to be a mixture of Spanish blood in his veins. He had a dark, rich complexion, with fine tints on his cheeks, jet-black hair, glossy and wavy, with moustache of the same, eyes large and dark, with a wonderful lustrous expression in them; an almost feminine beauty, of a mild, innocent, gentle nature, he was wild, violent, uncontrollable during his fits of delirium. He spoke a sort of

Langue d'Oc, and his comrades could not always understand him ; there was a musical softness and richness of intonation in his *patois* never observable in the northern dialects of France. For the dreamy light in his eyes, and the tenderness of his manner when conscious, he might well be called a Troubadour, and indeed, be descended from those wandering minstrels of the middle ages. As he sang the *Départ*, those great dark eyes were full of fire and tenderness ; he had fought stoutly, fiercely, as his nature prompted, and fallen with his face toward the foe, and now would the other stanzas of the song come true ? Would he recover of his wound, and go back to the provinces, and find his Isabella waiting for him there ? Were these his thoughts and hopes ? Alas ! if so, destined to meet no fulfillment. If the Isabella of his *chanson* shall ever see him more, it will not be in this world, but in another and brighter beyond, where our songs shall never end. Yet on the earth, God give us strength to sing :

“ *Amour à la plus belle,
Honneur au plus vaillant.*”

The song had scarcely ceased when the Archbishop was announced, and the men relapsed into a respect-

ful silence as the door opened, and His Excellence, escorted by the staff, entered, and after invoking his blessing upon the ward altogether, walked around among the beds addressing the occupants.

A large, mild, benignant face, full of strength and wisdom — that was all we saw, or cared to see ; one forgot the ecclesiastical garb, and the insignia of lofty pretensions in the presence of that countenance. There are good and pure men of every creed, and here was one evidently. Though his form was a trifle bent, and brows and cheeks somewhat furrowed with age, there was that in the glance of his eye and in the firmness of his step which told of vigor yet unimpaired and gave promise of years to come. But how sudden, how awful was the old man's death ! Among all the revolting acts of the Commune, there was none more revolting and terrible than the massacre of Monsieur Darboy and his colleagues ; among the resplendent heroisms in the annals of French history, there is none more resplendent and worthy to be remembered, than the unflinching courage and patient fortitude of this noble-minded man at the moment of death. A gentleman of our staff was with the archbishop, in his miserable cell

at the prison of La Roquette, the last hour of his life, before he was summoned, in his long purple *soutane*, before those inhuman, blood-crazed ring-leaders of the Commune in the court-yard of the prison, and set up against the wall to be shot down like a dog ; and he declared to us that he was never in his life witness to a calmness more supreme and an intrepidity more lofty, before the expectation of a violent end.

He stepped among the beds now, and spoke words of comfort and encouragement to the wounded. Instinctively you felt it was his vocation, that he was not unfamiliar with suffering, and understood the men and their needs. "Suffer like a Christian," he said to one severe sufferer (the very words are preserved in the *Semaine Religieuse*) "for the sake of God and your country, in order to merit the palm of victory which Heaven reserves for all those who have performed their duty bravely, whatever be the results of their efforts here upon the earth." Thus from couch to couch he went, with helpful words and tender sympathy, adapting himself with wonderful readiness to the variety of wants and diversity of cares. Before leaving, we solicited his signature in the ambulance register, and he sat down, and wrote in a large, trembling hand, the simple title —

“ l’Archevêque de Paris,” a truly modest autograph. We had had some swelling entries like the following : “ John Monel, Attaché au Génie pour la lumière Electrique, 42 Rue Paradis Poissonnière ” ; or again : “ Dr. Debout, Med. Inspecteur des Eaux de Contrexerille (Vosges) et à l’ambulance de Luxembourg.” Let us honor true modesty and worth and manliness whenever we find them ; let us reverence right-feeling and right-doing, be the “ credo ” what it may.

There was a scene at the dinner-table that day of unusual dramatic interest. The first part of the meal had passed off very quietly, and we were lingering over our *café noir*, that is the doctor, the dominie, Rienzi, Cantatrice, Frank, and several others.

There was one person, however, whom it is necessary to particularize more specially. Jasienski was a Pole, and, by his own asseveration at least — a Polish count. He had come to the ambulance in the early days of the siege, volunteering his services as an aid for the field. The committee was overrun with like offers, and was therefore obliged to decline them ; but the man continuing to press his suit, and finally offering to undertake any work to which they might set him, representing himself to be in poor circumstances and unable to gain a livelihood in any

other way, they took him at his word, made no further enquiries, and put him to work on the grounds, transplanting shrubs and laying out walks. He was a nobleman, perhaps, but what would you? There was a philological professor of many languages already in the field. "Work, however humble, is never degrading," exclaims the gloved and perfumed cant of this nineteenth century; but one day when the rumor spread that the mild-eyed, insignificant looking man, digging in the front grounds, was a count — really a count in his own country, it was strange what excitement the news occasioned. Now counts and countesses are sufficiently numerous in Paris, as every body knows, and one would judge that, not being altogether unlike other people, they would be treated like other people. What is more to the purpose, you are still among your own democratic countrymen, where no social distinctions of the kind are observed, you know. To be sure it was a little strange again, that Jasienski should all of a sudden be raised to the higher and softer position of purveyor to the hospital; that the ladies should take to praising his polite and dignified demeanor; that the gentlemen should be seen in attentive conversation with him. It was all a little strange, you see, but

then, as the dominie observed, with his wonted sagacity and insight into motives, it doubtless was due not to the influence of rank but the qualities of his mind. Surely that was the true explanation of the matter. The scholar of many languages did not possess these "qualities of mind," you understand, and so was still kept at work with his spade and pickaxe. Friends, is there not a smack of the great world in this little episode? I wonder whether the dominie had read of Shimei.

By-and-by, however, suspicions had arisen as to the truth of the rumor current; unbelieving minds spoke out their infidelity, and the probity of the Pole was called in question. The doctor would crack his joke that — "may be he was a count, but he had turned out to be no a-count, as the French say," and Madame Bernois was heard to assert most vehemently "Jasiaski!" (so she called him) — "he's an ass, whatever else he am." The upshot of it all was that the poor man came to be looked upon with coldness and suspicion, shunned and reviled, also, by those who had once been on a par with him.

His fall, and the consequent reaction of treatment and regard, affected him, most strangely of all. Whatever might have been the character and position of

the man in the past, when he first entered the ambulance, he was at least quiet, unobtrusive, and gentlemanly in conduct; but rendered prominent by the unfortunate disclosure of his rank, he grew to fancy himself quite an important and necessary personage. It was Malvolio living over again, with the disease somewhat mitigated by time, yet it was Malvolioism. The services he rendered henceforward, were rendered condescendingly, and with the air of one who was conscious of his superiority to menial offices of any kind. He preserved, even after his fall, the same calmness of mien, the same dignity of deportment, and the same affectation of imagined greatness.

Now Jasienski, among other whims of his present mood, had for some time past been paying delicate attentions to Cantatrice, but that strong-minded and vivacious young lady had laughed him off in a most unlover-like fashion, using him only so far as he was serviceable in replenishing the general larder, and therein he was extremely serviceable, as we all could attest. Cantatrice herself was not in the least given to sentiment; in fact the only occasion on which she was ever known to yield to any expression of that tenderness and passion, of which the sex is said to be susceptible, was one day after

dinner when she sang Leonora to Signor Rienzi's Manrico in Verdi's opera of *Il Trovatore*; and I feel bound to add that that unusual display of feeling, which quite overcame the tuneful Italian, who sat listening with ardent eyes upraised, was altogether and unquestionably feigned, for the dominie afterward declared to us in private and in his most solemn manner, that she actually winked at him when the tender Italian wasn't looking, yes, winked at him from the corner of her eye, twice or thrice during the duet. She was indeed a remarkable young lady, handsome withal, (except that her mouth was too large, and her lips too full, for beauty), with rich, olive complexion, dark hair, and dark eyes that glanced with fun, shrewdness, and good-nature; very outspoken she was, lively, active, and jolly, too, if not rather brusque at times, possessing a fine sense of humor, a merry laugh, and a high, clear soprano voice, which she had been cultivating for the stage. Few men would have the presumption or courage to make love to this girl, whose pathos and sentiment, if she had any, were wasted on the morning's marketing at the Halles, the superintendence of the kitchen, and the care of the linen department. For the Pole to undertake the siege of such a heart, and

to undertake it in his composed and deliberate way, as if the *dot* had been settled and the time of the nuptials fixed, was the crowning act of the farce. Something, we were sure, must come of it, and this is the way it fell about.

We were lingering over our coffee, I say, when Jasienski, who had been, as was his wont, silent and reserved throughout the meal, suddenly, and without more preliminary warning, set down his cup, wrenched back his chair with a hastiness unusual with him, arose and stood erect, fumbled at his napkin with the left hand, thrust the other in the breast of his coat, and looking around on the amazed company calmly and unmoved, addressed the gentleman, who by reason of his clerical rank, occupied the head of the table in the following terms :

“ Monsieur Prettyman ; I have von leetle chose zat I wish to say to you in ze presence of zese mes-sieurs — von little chose where there is necessity for your services. You is a priest, is it not ? and you can perform ze ceremonie of marriage in ze French language so I can understand — ah ! Eh bien — zis is ze chose : I am in ze conondrum ; I’sewant to get married.”

It was very sudden. The man spoke with a

gravity which raised him above the suspicion of being in jest; besides, he was never known to stoop to vulgar sport of that nature. The doctor looked curious; two little red spots appeared on the cheeks of Rienzi; the reverend gentleman was all aghast.

“Well?” he managed to articulate at length, as the speaker stopped to give due emphasis to his announcement and to collect his wits for the next essay.

“I been in ze ambulance,” he continued mildly, “and you have known me, for a long time — a long time; and you knows who I am in my own pays, is it not? Some here do say zat I am not a count” —

“No, no!” cried the doctor, nudging the dominie next him, “not that exactly — only no *ac* — count.”

“Monsieur le docteur,” was the Pole’s dignified rejoinder, turning to the gentleman addressed, “Je ne comprends pas votre badinage. You know, Monsieur Prettyman, zat I am an honest man at least; you know what is my caractère, and zat I will not deceive. Ze von chose zat I wish is zis: zat when you marry me, you will marry me in zis jolie chambre wiz all my friends — mes cher amies here — to be present at ze ——”

“Ha-ha, hi-ha! Hold me, Kent, oh, I say, oh!” roared Frank, falling back into Kent’s arms in a paroxysm of laughter.

“*Diamini!*” muttered the Italian between his teeth, his face aglow with passion.

The Pole contemplated the young man for a minute with something akin to pity in his look, then went on as sedately as before.

“You need no laugh, messieurs, it is a serious matere. To marry in zis chambre — zat is not the only difficulté — zere is anothère; I do not know zat the demoiselle — la reine de mon coeur — does retaliate my affectione, mais I will see.”

Another outburst from irrepressible Frank, another glance of pity and patience from the speaker, who turning finally to the chair where Cantatrice sat, spread out his hands in a most humble and beseeching fashion, and asked softly:

“Mademoiselle, — will you marry me?”

For the last two or three minutes Cantatrice had been bending low over her cup of coffee, so that it was impossible to detect the expression of her face; but now she rose from her chair, her cheeks all aflame, a dangerous flash in her eyes, and looking more bewitching than she had ever done before.

Snatching up her coffee-cup she cast its contents right into the face of her admirer, and screaming with laughter, rushed out of the room, sending forth peal after peal of merriment — until she reached and locked herself in the sitting-room. Drenched with the murky potion, and in his amazement standing irresolute, the Pole was a most pitiful and ludicrous picture ; at length, however, he hastened, dismayed, from the apartment, and following Mademoiselle, threw himself against the sitting-room door, but all in vain. It was barred fast. On the advice of Frank, he retired to make a change of costume. All the rest of the afternoon a tall form was seen stalking up and down, near the sitting-room, twirling his moustaches and looking terribly fierce and hostile. It was Rienzi, the Italian.

CHAPTER IX.

THE YOUNG AMERICAN.

THE dreary light of a December afternoon was pouring into our apartments at the chevalier's maison, and mingling with the ruddy glare of the hearth-fire, before which Frank and Kent were stretched out, panting and exhausted from their recent exercise. For they had been engaged in a close bout with the foils, and masks, gloves, upturned chairs, and pieces of music now lay strewn about in confusion. Both good swordsmen, the untiring patience and wary watchfulness of Kent, which went a good ways to answer for longer training, had at last worn out the impulse and baffled the skill of the other, who laughingly owned to a fair defeat.

"Ah well," he said, still breathing hard, and looking musingly at the scintillating sparks as they flew upward, "the race is not always to the swift nor the battle to the strong — eh Kent?" —

"You're a fine swordsman, Frank — brilliant is the word," was the reply.

"So is that fragment of pine in the grate — see

how it flares up and shoots off those fine particles of fire! — a brilliant burner, but it don't burn as long and well as the faggot of oak yonder.

“Humph!”

“Energy is the one thing needful, mon brave; isn't it Goethe that exalts energy above all the other virtues, and, declares it will accomplish anything. George! I've had twice your experience with the foil, and yet you contrive to beat me everytime. Energy is a grand thing; how high above the homme d'esprit — there isn't any English term will fit that — towers the man of energy.”

Kent leaned over, took Frank's face between his hands, and peered down into the clear, honest gray eyes, with a comical expression in his own, then raised his hands deprecatingly, and exclaimed simply.

“Ciel!”

Frank laughed, and getting up, gave the bell-rope a violent jerk.

“Henri,” he said to the colored boy, as he thrust his head in at the doorway, “bring us some more wood — some of those oak sticks — ha — ha!”

The darkey disappeared, returned almost directly with the wood, deposited it at the fireplace, and was turning to withdraw, when

“ Arrêtez, Henri,” said Kent, “ haven’t I seen you before in Regnault’s studio ?”

“ Oui, monsieur,” was the respectful reply.

“ Model, eh ?”

“ Monsieur has guessed right.”

“ What do you pose for ?” asked his interlocutor.

“ The arm, monsieur,” and rolling up his sleeves, he displayed with all the pride of an athlete, an arm of almost perfect mould. It was not the size of the biceps — they only measured something over fourteen inches — that made the arm remarkable ; it was the full development and exquisite proportion of all the parts. Every sinew stood out like a whip-cord, and seemed to be more distinct than on a white man’s arm. The slightest motion of the member set every muscle in visible play ; it was a real pleasure to grasp the rounded fulness of the upper arm, and feel the muscles rise and fall. His wrist was large and strong, and yet not out of proportion with the fore-arm, the downward curve being full of grace. The elbow was not too fleshy, as it often is in a woman who has a beautiful arm, but round and full enough to the eye.

“ How long do you have to pose, Henri ?” Kent asked.

"Sometimes only one hour, and sometimes, two, three, and four hours, monsieur."

"Do you ever get tired?"

"Yes, monsieur, but I forget it all when I'm paid off."

"And how much do you get usually?"

"That depends, monsieur. For two hours, I may get ten francs, and then again I may not. But I never got more than twenty or twenty-five francs for one pose."

"That seems like a good deal to make in so short a time."

"It is not much, monsieur, because the artist may not want us again for several days, and meanwhile, what shall we do?"

"Why, do you make it a business?"

"Some do, monsieur, but I have to work also, and sometimes even Chabriet has to work; Chabriet poses for the face, and so he gets more."

"Ah, that's the way you're paid then?"

"Yes, monsieur, and the neck and bust bring more than the face, you see; and some earn plenty of money. There's Mlle Ferrand — she stands for the whole figure — she makes forty and fifty — yes, and sometimes a hundred francs — and over that too."

"Aren't you sometimes afraid of getting sick and thin, and so losing the beauty of your arm?"

"No, monsieur, because I take regular exercises on the bar, and use the dumb-bells."

"See here, Henri," said Frank, "do you know how to fence?"

"A little, monsieur," was the modest rejoinder.

"Gaudeamus igitur," he shouted, "aha, Master Kent, I've found your match at last. With such an eye, and such an arm — ye gods, *what* an arm! — Here," he cried, thrusting foil and gloves on the bewildered negro, "stand up now; ready? — *garde!* — *feinte de droite!* — *de dégage!* — *de liement!* — *bon-bon!* you have the trick of the wrist, I see. Now Kent, make ready."

Nothing loth, Kent donned gloves and mask, and snatching up his foil, took his position, with many a cautious glance at the length of his opponent's arm. It seemed at the first glance that the two were not equally matched; the tall, slender form of the student was physically inferior to the stout, broad, muscular frame of the darkey; but on the other hand Kent's thrusts and returns were quick as lightning, and the movements of his body so wonderfully rapid that the other was twice, or thrice a trifle confused. Henri's

power lay principally in the strength and suppleness of his wrist, and sometimes it seemed as if he would twist his opponent's foil out of his hand by sheer force of muscular energy. It was an exciting contest; the flash and whirl of the foils, the feints, the fancy hits, the advances and the retreats, the lithe bending and swift glancing of the figures, and the steady eyeing of the two, made one look on with flushed cheeks and bated breath. Frank was infinitely delighted, hovering around the fencers as you see gamesters hovering around a pair of fighting bantams in some of Hogarth's cartoons.

"*Bon !*" he exclaimed, "a good thrust. Pfui, Henri, that was poor; try again — now, *feinte de liement* — so, aha, master Kent — *vite ! — reculez ! — las !*"

But the model was giving way. With all his robustness of form and strength of arm, the student had one incalculable advantage over him; his power of entire concentration, acquired by long habits of patient study, and his tenacious energy of purpose, which made his eye glow like a live coal in the dark, were so great that irresistibly the darkey seemed to yield to their influence. One despairs of contending

against such intense earnestness and indomitable tension of will. Morally he was conquered, but still he fought on, falling back on a quality sometimes as efficacious as others higher in the scale — doggedness. But the loss of a button on his foil put a stop to the struggle, Kent protesting he had never stood up against so plucky an adversary, and the darkey declaring that monsieur was a master of the foils.

The twilight was softening around, when we gathered about the grate once more, and fell into a train of indolent musing. It was just the hour for silence and dreamy imaginings — what the French so musically call *au crépuscule* — and, perhaps influenced by the comfortable warmth of the fire and the loneliness of the hour, our thoughts seemed to go back by tacit prearrangement to the by-gone days beyond the sea. As sometimes happens, too, our reflections appeared to be led simultaneously through the same channel to the same end; for presently Kent spoke out and said:

“I wonder how the American is getting on.”

“Just what I was thinking,” said Frank.

“And I.”

“Suppose we go down and cheer him up a little,” he suggested again. The proposition was received

favorably, and we left the twilight and the dreaming, and descended to the patient's room.

The American, as he was called, was a young man of good family from Kentucky, who had been brought to the ambulance suffering from a severe wound caused by the bursting of a shell in his lodgings in the Latin quarter. The injury proved to be so serious on examination that it was found necessary to amputate the leg. Immediately after the operation, he was removed to a separate room in the maison, which was arranged solely for his occupation and convenience: the best attendants were provided, and everything done to render him comfortable. It was something so wholly novel to have a fellow-countryman under care, that the greatest interest and solicitude were manifested in his welfare. A cry of suffering wrung from English-speaking lips was infinitely touching. At first his progress toward recovery was rapid and constant; under the stimulating diet, carefully administered, he grew stronger and fleshier, and the light of health came into his eyes. But it was only for a while. Then one of those sudden relapses ensued which are so inexplicable in their beginnings and so fatal in their consequences; the mysteries of the Bible are not more

unaccountable than the mysteries of some diseases and the student of medicine can no more discover the whys and the wherefores of certain material phenomena than the blindest disciple of faith the whys and wherefores of certain spiritual things. After this change, the patient sank lower and lower; he became pale, feverish, emaciated, and all hope of recovery died away in his heart. It was painful to witness the sluggish apathy in which he lay day after day. Occasionally hope would reanimate him, but the reëction of despair inevitably came again.

When we entered his room, he was lying on the bed, with his poor, thin face turned toward the bright fire that crackled in the grate. His eyes—sunken in their sockets and inflamed with fever—looked wild and strange when he turned them on us, and tried to greet us with a smile.—Oh, the bitterness and hopelessness of that smile! Human faces and human voices had become indescribably dear to him now that in his blindness he could find no other anchor to which to cling, and even these were not long to be seen or heard. We seated ourselves near his bed, and got to talking on the topics of the day, doing what we could to enliven and amuse him. But it seemed as if he was not to be diverted from the

one abiding idea. The fire burned down, and dusk waned and faded into evening, and still we kept on cheerily talking. Finally the subject of home was touched on, and instantly, like the tension of a harp-cord, that loosened makes discord with the other strings, but tightened emits according harmony, the man's nature responded to the sweet memories restored at the mere mention of the word; and he broke out into an odd jumble of reminiscences, gradually, however, growing calmer and clearer in statement.

He talked well; in fact he was a gentleman, and had the manners and language of a gentleman and scholar. He described to us his home in Kentucky, told us of his reckless youth, how he had come to Paris to read law, how he had misused his time and opportunities, and how he had been inveigled into idle and dissolute habits. Throughout his story there ran the melancholy of a disappointed man and the sad impression of a misspent life. The wood on the hearth burned lower, and crumbling, sank with a groan, sending showers of cinders up the chimney, but he did not think of stopping, moving on from incident to incident until he came to the account of the reception of his injury in Paris. The dying embers were casting flickering shadows on the wall,

when he gave the conclusion to his tale in nearly the following words :

“ Shut up in Paris by the siege and unable to send word to my family of my condition and place of residence, the scanty funds in my possession soon dwindled away. I could not bring myself to accept the gratuitous provisions dealt out at the cantons. It may have been one of the mistaken notions of my southern breeding ; but it was impossible for me to become a beggar or a public pensioner. My pride — as some would call it — militated against even the pangs of hunger and the sense of cold ; and pride, at the end of the hard struggle, conquered. Throughout that cold, dreary month of December, the pittance on which I subsisted barely sufficed to satisfy the cravings of appetite. I knew there was a hospital in the city established by my countrymen with doors open to all in sickness and misfortune like myself, and I also knew that to others in my situation the generous heart of Mr. Washburn had gone out in warm sympathy and active relief. But I did not attempt to seek him out, though I often thought of doing so ; why it is perhaps not necessary to say. It was another case of proud pauperism.

“ The bleak days of January came, and still there

was no relief. My purse was almost drained; and with food at the enormous prices which it then brought, what was I to do? I remember paying sixty centimes for a poor little lark, but it had a keen relish in the midst of my staple meal of hominy and black bread. Fuel I could not in any way obtain. Morning after morning I lay abed to keep warm, and even while I lay, there would come that indescribable longing for something to check the waste and consumption which I was perfectly conscious was going on inside. Withal, the scream and crash of shells, as they fell in the vicinity, awakened another kind of fear, for my nerves were unstrung and my courage shaken.

“ But inactivity was intolerable, and I was generally driven to desert my bed, though it were to meet the horrors of another day. The future looked dark, as the present was dark, and the world seemed full of suffering, misery, and despair. I care not to reveal all the wild fancies, the horrible dreams, the fantastic images that chased one another across my poor brain in those hours. It is like a terrible nightmare now; I can hardly convince myself that it was true. Night would come on apace, and still no succor. The same unutterable yearning — the same sense of

void, the same sharp pains — that was all. The shells would, indeed, seem to fall nearer, and sometimes my head would be heated and aching and my lips parched and dry. There was no help but in sleep — and sleep would not come.

“ But there was not long to wait. One cold night in the early part of January — how well I recall it now ! — I was preparing to retire as usual. All day long the booming of artillery had resounded over the city, and in the quarter where I lived the shells had fallen more thickly and rapidly than I ever remembered them to have fallen before. I was but a shadowy simulacrum of myself and in a fearfully nervous state — starting and trembling at every near explosion of a shell. My friend who occupied the adjoining room had gone to bed.

“ I sat up late into the night, dreaming of the past and the old house on the banks of the Ohio. One by one the scenes became distinct, and I could fancy, as I can now, that we were all gathered round the lamp in the pleasant sitting room. Mother was there sewing, her eyes full of tenderness and her voice a little tremulous with age, and sister, too, reclining at her feet, and another whom I thought in time to wed. Somehow, it does me good to tell this now. I re-

member — oh, so distinctly ! — the night before leaving home I found *her* on the sofa in the old parlor, her large eyes suffused with tears and her dark hair falling all disheveled about her face, and tried to console and cheer her. Oh, if I had only staid, what peace and content and sweet communion had been mine !

“ Crash ! I started up in my bed and gazed round : here were nothing but bare walls and misery and squalidness. That shell must have struck nearer than usual, I thought, and pressed my hand on my throbbing heart ; all was darkness ; it might have been a dream. I was conscious that my mind was wandering, and determined to try and get a little rest before dawn. I sat down on the side of my bed to take off my shoes and stockings in preparation for retiring. But even while I was untying my shoe-laces, there came on a sudden a great rushing noise — a dull report — a blinding flash — and I knew no more.”

He ceased, and lay back among the pillows exhausted by his unwonted efforts. The fire in the grate had burned out, the shadows on the wall departed, and the gloom of night gathered round. But

it was not long so. The moon rose slowly above the drifting clouds, and poured her pale, cold light down into the sufferer's room, and then athwart his bed. For a minute his face, pinched and ghastly, lay in a bar of silvery light. It was like a solemn premonition ; for not many nights afterwards the angel of death came to him, and the weary heart of the American beat no more.

CHAPTER X.

THE NEW YEAR.

CHRISTMAS passed drearily away. There was no hanging up of stockings at the hearth the night before ; there were no gleeful spirits and bright eyes in the early morning, no merry party, no Christmas dinner, no joyous sleigh-ride on the river and dancing till morning ; no, except in the sacredness of memory, all those home scenes of bygone times were no more for us. The day rose and set in gloom, and we went about in a melancholy, absent way, hardly doing honor to poor Noël, Santa Claus's French cousin. There was an interchange of books, I remember, and Frank, after rummaging all Galignani's, of all books in the world to send an Episcopal clergyman, sent the dominie Darwin's *Origin of Species*. Even that drew forth but a sickly smile when we heard it ; and as for Achates — alas ! his wits were over the channel, and he didn't notice us at all. But the day passed at last, and the new year came on apace. The days were sharp and clear, and the nights bitter cold. But we had resolved on a different policy, and there was to be a merry party to see the old year out and the new year in.

It was in the gray twilight of that cold last night of the year that we assembled in the comfortable dining room at the chevalier's maison. A bright wood fire was burning in the grate, casting a red glow through the room and diffusing a genial warmth. Kent was there, and Frank, the doctor and the dominie, and several others. Madame Bernois was in her glory; the arrangements for the dinner had been placed entirely in her hands, and she promised us a princely entertainment. She summoned us to the table at an early hour. We drew up our chairs, nothing loth, and lo! were no sooner set than presented with the following menuë :—

Ambulance Américaine
Avenue Ulrich 36
Directrice Mme. Bernois.

Potage au chien
Patet de chât
Rat sauté au champignon
Gigot de chien
Ognon à la sauce blanche
Pomme de terre naturel
Salade lettuce
Tarte du Carin
Gelet au cérise
Café.

Frank roared, the doctor pronounced it excellent, and the dominie looked horrified.

“But the rat — the rat!” said his reverence with a look of perplexity and dismay, “really now I cannot go that; cat and dog are bad enough, but the rat — oh!” —

“St. Peter,” — began Kent —

“Listen, reverend seniors,” interrupted Frank with mock gravity, “here is some mistake. Assembled in solemn conclave in this most renowned city of the world, the Savans of the Academy of Sciences, after having tasted and tested the meats of sundry hitherto so-called noxious animals, served under strong spices appointed therefor, have recorded as the result of their grave and erudite deliberations that the rat, as a staple element of alimentation, is infinitely superior to the cat or dog.”

“Bold pioneers in the paths of prejudice!” remarked the doctor.

“And furthermore,” continued the orator with a commanding wave of his hand, “it is stated by this august and learned body that no fears need be entertained on the subject of provisions, for there are yet some 25,000,000 of these said precious animals in the city.”

“Knowledge *profound* and minute !” commented the doctor.

“And consoling,” added the dominie, resignedly.

The potage was very good, but decidedly unflavored by any thing akin to dog-meat, for we all agreed it was not much inferior to the bouillon we were wont to get at Duval’s.

“And now,” said the dominie, wiping his fingers daintily, “I’m prepared for your pâtés, Madame, which by a similar course of reasoning I infer to be pâtés de lapin, is it not so ?”

“Non,” exclaimed her ladyship indignantly, “François, servez lech at, si vous plait. Vite !”

“I don’t believe, — I can’t believe it,” groaned the dominie, with a look of despair. “Doctor, I call you to witness” —

“By George ! — its jolly.” Frank was surveying a half-eaten morsel poised on his fork. “Why, hang it ! its a rabbit, Kent, true as I’m alive. I say, Madame Bernois, where *did* you get this rabbit this time of year ?”

The dominie was relieved. Fearfully, and with great reluctance he tasted a bit, and behold ! his face brightened at once ; he followed it by another and another.

"Good — quite tender for a starved rabbit," he said, plying his fork contentedly.

"Dat's no lapin, Monsieur le Curé. Tink dis chile tell lie for nuthin?" broke in Madame, waxing more indignant.

The dominie dropped his fork and looked up in blank alarm.

"Doctor, I appeal to you, now." —

"It's not a rabbit," answered that gentleman waggishly. "Look here!" and he held up a thigh bone, "did you ever see a bone in a rabbit's leg as large as that, sir?"

The proof was positive, and the clerical gentleman looked blank. "The Lord help me in such a strait; it's startling to reflect on — cat-flesh in the stomach of the Rev. Cranmer Prettyman. Think of it! — But no! I don't believe it — I do not, sir, indeed — no, no!"

"You not believe him, eh!" shrieked Madame; "bien, attendez — attendez un instant, monsieur," and she ran out of the room, and we heard her screaming down the long stairs, "Eugénie! — Eugénie!"

"What's up?" asked Frank, looking round. But nobody knew; and pretty soon a pair of heavy sabots came clogging up stairs, and then Madame Bernois

entered, and walked up to the table, followed by a little, bent, wrinkled, cunning-faced old hag — Eugénie, sliding along in her wooden shoes.

“Voilà!” exclaimed Madame pointing to her maid of all work, who stood holding up by the nap of the neck the skin of a large sized cat, “las! do you believe him now, eh?” —

The poor gentleman rose from his chair and walked up and down the room, too disturbed for utterance.

“Go,” he said at last to the hag, who withdrew, leering over her triumph, “go, I am satisfied. Ah, well — it’s done, and cannot be undone.”

“What — the cat?” asked the doctor innocently.

“Gentlemen, I beg of you, some mercy, if you please, some —

“Rabbit, sir?” said Frank.

The third course actually turned out to be rabbit, and the fourth a gigot de poulie.

“Dar,” said madame, her eyes glowing with pride and satisfaction as she perceived the relish with which the last dishes were partaken of, “de fust cost you forty francs at the restaurant — how many dollars am dat? — and de poulie, well, it cost you twenty-five francs if you get him at all.”

“This seems like cheating the wounded,” said Kent.

“Non, non! you pay for it yourself — out of your own pocket, Massa Kent; oh yes, I’ll make you pay for him — ha, ha!”

“It’s curious,” Kent continues, with a glance at the dominie, “how people’s prejudices stand in the way in the matter of food. Now I hold horse-steak, properly sauced and garnished, to be as good as the sirloin of a cow. The grain may be a little coarser, the color a tinge darker, the odor a trifle stronger, but that matters little after all. Do you remember the test we applied once, Frank?”—

“S’George,” exclaimed Frank, pouring oil on his salad with epicurean exactness of measurement, “but I do. We tried a horse and a cow steak together, sir — how funny that sounds, eh! — ’twas in October, when the rationing had just begun. ’Pon my soul, there wasn’t much difference twixt the two; liked one as well as the other.”

“It is certainly a remarkable fact,” began the dominie, clearing his throat for a discourse, “now in China and Japan” —

“Your glass is empty; let me help you,” interrupted the doctor, with the gravest and most tender solicitude for the reverend gentleman’s needs.

“ C’est comme il faut,” chimed in Frank again,—

“ ‘ Qui vins ne boit après salade,
Est en danger d’être malade’ :

who said that, mes chers ?”

“That,”—the dominie pronounced it with the dogmatic authority of a man who is aiming for a bishopric, “is a proverb, probably of French origin, which”—

“A little of the sauterne, sir? yes?—there—it’s quite good, isn’t it? By the way, have you ever eaten any elephant, sir?”—

“No; I hope not” faltered the persecuted gentleman.

“It’s not bad, I assure you,” continued the doctor, “but I understand the trunk is the tenderest portion and the best eating.”

“It ought to be,” remarked Kent; “they charge forty francs per pound for the meat of the proboscis, and only fifteen francs for a pound of ordinary. Most all the animals of the Jardins des Plantes have been put in requisition, now, so that you can have bear, camel, yak, seal, antelope, or hippopotamus.”

“The Lord help us!” exclaimed the dominie piously, sipping his wine.

“With all these provisions,” remarked one of the guests, “it doesn’t seem as if there could be so very much suffering from want of food.”

“It isn’t that,” replied the doctor, getting serious now that the dominie was quenched, “people suffer not so much from sheer want of food — there is really little of that kind of deprivation — as from a want of *proper* food. Bread compounded of peas, oat-meal, and straw, the dry flesh of starved horses, and sour wines, is not the sort of aliment to strengthen and sustain.”

“Besides,” added Kent, “you will remember that we don’t see the suffering, if there is any. It’s not the rich nor the very poor that find difficulty in obtaining food ; it’s the middle class — the bourgeoisie — who are too poor to pay — or at least, on account of the condition of rents, unable to pay, the prices asked, and too proud to beg at the cantons. Look at the *queues* at the butcher-shops of Gros-Caillou. The American was an example of what I mean.”

“How do you account for the death of the poor peasants who were found in the Rue Denoyez ?” asked Frank.

“They died of cold, I think, and not of starvation, as was alleged.”

“Shouldn’t wonder,” Frank replied; “wood is scarcer than bread, I can tell you: Auguste couldn’t get a stick the other day.”

“There rich and poor suffer alike,” continued Kent, who was talking more than usual this evening, but so modestly and intelligently that it was pleasant to hear him. “I went with the doctor the other day to see Madame Cuillard” —

“What! the Cuillard related to the House of Italy who lives upon the avenue just above here in that quaint-looking chateau?” asked the dominie, reviving somewhat, and the next minute half startled at his own temerity.

“The same; she is wealthy, you know, as well as noble born, and has surrounded herself with the choicest things of art and luxury. Well, we were conducted to her boudoir, where she lay reclining on a low sofa warmly covered, and her maid by her side sewing. There was no fire in the grate, and the air of the room was chill and uncomfortable. She had sent her last few sticks of wood, procured with great difficulty, to a needlewoman of hers, ill and confined to bed at the lodge. She did not tell us that; we learned it from the sick woman herself. When strangers talk of the lightness and fickleness of

Frenchwomen, tell them that 'little unremembered act of kindness' of Madame Cuillard. It is not an exception to a comprehensive rule, I do assure you."

"The Marquise de Girard is in the same boat," said Frank, warming with his friend's enthusiasm. "There's another of your frivolous, unfeeling women of fashion! She marshals her waiting-women every day in a cold, cheerless room — no, even she can't get fuel — and there she sits among them, chatting and making lint, and doing up confitures, for the different hospitals. Whata despicable thing! Of course French women are only fit for riding, dressing, loving, and being made love to! — bah!"

The cloth being now removed, we drank a final toast to the "Absent ones," amid a thoughtful silence of several minutes, and then drew up our chairs round the hearth, where a glorious fire was blazing, and settled down cozily for a comfortable evening. From the depths of a dark closet the dominie produced a suspicious looking tin-can, whose bottom and sides were black from repeated scorchings, and filling it with water, placed it dexterously between a couple of logs in the grate, where soon it was boiling and bubbling and sputtering in the pleasantest wise imaginable. That good-hearted, Christian gentleman

the Vicar of Wakefield, had a weakness, it will be remembered, for his bottle of gooseberry wine, and so a fondness for a social glass of toddy was one of the major failings of our friend, the dominie. Toddy, too, is commonly concomitant with discussion, if we may trust the good stories that are sometimes told of the old-fashioned Scottish divines, and it is therefore not surprising that the company was before long launched into the labyrinths of metaphysics. The reverend gentleman led the way, Kent following closely, and occasionally bringing him back to the main path; Frank puffed away at his cigarette in a way that showed his total indifference to the subject, and the doctor now and then edged in a facetious remark that entirely upset the gravity necessary to philosophic dissertations of this kind.

All things sublunar have an end, and it is true even of disputes that reach beyond the moon and above it. The discussion came to a close, and, on the principle of unbending the bow after prolonged tension, the dominie was called upon for a song. In response he rendered the funeral-like dirge of the Old Sexton, rolling it off in his deep base with fine effect. In resuming his seat, he plucked up spirit to request the doctor to dance a jig for the edifica-

tion of the company, which he declared, would give additional variety to the pastimes of the evening. The doctor replied with equal gravity that as it had always been his province to make other people dance, he had never taken the trouble to learn the steps himself, and sat down amid cries of "hear"—"hear!"

Then we had an oddly-told story from Frank, after which a song by Kent, and finally a recitation from Tennyson's *In Memoriam*. But it was getting late, and we grew less inclined to talk as the hour of midnight drew nearer. The great logs in the grate no longer blazed and burned, but lay smouldering together, and emitting lazy circles of smoke and cinders.

Half past eleven struck, and henceforward there was an almost unbroken silence. A shade of sadness crept over our spirits; the old year was near its close—the joys and sorrows, the struggles and failures, the promises and hopes, of a whole year almost over with.

"The shadows flicker to and fro;
The cricket chirps; the light burns low,
'Tis nearly twelve o'clock."

Old memories came floating in from the past, filling the heart too full for utterance. Why mention them? They're not all blythe and happy memories, even for the youngest of us; for shadows fall in the sunlight sometimes as well as in the vale. The minutes lengthen out, beat by beat; the stillness grows oppressive. The dominie holds his watch in his hand, and we see the slow-revolving hands. Click-click-click, and at last it is twelve o'clock.

“ There's a new foot on the floor, my friend,
And a new face at the door, my friend,
A new face at the door.”

CHAPTER XI.

BUZENVAL.

ON the night of the eighteenth of January all the aids had been busy until a late hour. Mr. Kent, Frank and I had been engaged in the chevalier's house, and it being already so far into the night, we agreed to remain there till morning. It must have been in the gray dawn that Madame Bernois awaked us; at any rate we were fearfully sleepy, and tired, and aching in back and limb. But we got up, dressed ourselves, washed down a scanty breakfast with a bowl of coffee, and hurried over to the ambulance.

We were just in time, for the carriages were on the point of starting, and delay would have been failure. The same preparations had been made as in the affair of Malmaison. On this occasion, there was an addition to the train in the shape of a portable cooking-stove. This singular looking machine, which had been one of the indispensable attachments of a flying ambulance in our civil war, and the utility of which Dr. Evans was anxious to demonstrate to

the French, was set upon a light four-wheeled carriage-box — the food, fuel, and cooking utensils being in the fore part, and the coffee, wine, and water in three boilers in the rear, from which arose three slim pipes. Viewed from a distance, it looked like some mysterious engine of war. The camp was all alive, and when Mr. Bowles, the captain of one of the volunteer staffs, rode into the grounds, he was greeted with a rousing cheer. The boys were in good spirits, and every thing was an event. It really seemed as if we were going on a jolly jaunt to Saint Cloud.

When we entered the avenue de la Grande Armée, it might have been six o'clock. The morning was cold, cloudy, and dull with indications of rain; the broad highway was deserted, and there were no other sounds save the rumble of our wheels and the distant booming of cannon. Rattling past the big barricade, we saw a number of brown-bloused men and boys, with guns on their shoulders and talking excitedly, hastening in the same direction. At the Porte Maillot we were ordered to halt and report, and after much unnecessary delay and parley, at length succeeding in obtaining permission to go on. At the Pont du Neuilly we were again stopped — wedged

in among the hospital trains of our division that blocked up the road as far as one could see in front.

Looking forward one saw only a long, broken, irregular line. Bayonets, barrels, and trappings shone in the morning air, amid a confused mass of blue coats, gray blankets, cow-hide knapsacks, and red trousers. It had rained quite recently, and the roads were wet and muddy; but the troops began to move on more rapidly, and we found opportunity to scan them more closely. They were mostly young men, for the veterans were away in Germany. All were to all appearance scantily clad; and some had wrapped their blankets in toga-like folds about their shoulders and thrust their hands in to keep them warm. They had marched for two days, with but little rest, with no sleep, and without anything to eat except straw bread and oat-meal, washed down with a pint or two of sour wine. Quite a number looked pale, worn, and feverish; some limped, coughed, and groaned with pain; a few had no stockings, and their bare legs and ankles were exposed to the rain and cold; others had holes in their shoes so large that the frozen toes thrust themselves out. These were mostly of the Mobiles and troops of the line. The National Guard, this time incorporated in the brigade,

were nearly as bad and wretched looking. Their neatness and spruceness were gone. Nearly all shopkeepers, mechanics, artisans, they had been entirely "done up" by the hard marching and exposure of the last two or three days. It was a pitiful sight to see them dragging on their wearied limbs, so fagged and dejected; certainly they did not seem fit for action of any kind.

Meanwhile, by slow advances, we had reached the *Plage du Statue de Napoléon*, and there halted again. The coffee machine became the "cynosure of neighboring eyes," and a wondering group was always standing about it. The good humored chef, ladle in hand, was distributing cups of hot coffee and morsels of straw-ribbed bread among the corps, and to all the hungry foot-soldiers he could conveniently reach. The genial influence of the collation was warming our hearts and cheering our spirits, and everybody was fast becoming jocular, when lo! what should we see coming slowly down the avenue but all the heavy ambulance trains, which had by some means, fair or foul, preceded us in the division.

"Great Caesar! what have we here? Whose work is this? Ho, ho!" laughed Frank, who stood beside

me looking at the scene, with infinite amusement in his face.

On they came — great lumbering omnibuses, quaint looking asylum and hospital vehicles, grocery wagons, old ambulance *voitures*, *coupés*, dog carts, and all kinds of two or four-wheeled conveyances under the sun. They presented a very droll spectacle, moving slowly along among the crowds of tired soldiers, the top of the omnibuses overloaded with messieurs from Paris, huddled together to get shelter from the rain. As the head of the strange caravan approached us, the cooking-stove was roaring a merry tune; and the hot coffee hissing and bubbling in the boilers sent forth its pleasant odors, which curling round and round the slender pipes, were wafted directly under the nostrils of our *fratres vulnerati*. How tantalizing must have been the fragrance! How maliciously the chef threw out his corpulent body and grinned! How innocent and surprised we looked, with a cup of steaming coffee in one hand and a bit of bread in the other!

When the last of the long line had passed, there were divers winks, and nods, and significant smiles. I know it was uncharitable, I know it was unchristian-like, but what will you! There is many a Sganarelle has

to be "a médecin malgré lui." These *gentilhommes* had caught the disease of ambition to excel by fair means or foul, and much against our will, and not by our seeking, we were forced to administer a pill.

While we were still lingering over our meal, the medical staff of the French army drove up, and we had the honor of sharing sandwiches and coffee with some of its most distinguished members. Baron Larré leaned from his saddle, and tipped the contents of the tin cup with as much grace and *sang froid* as though he were sipping choice wine from crystal-cut glass in some *salon*.

"How many men do you suppose we can see from here, sir?" I asked of a gentleman.

"About fifteen thousand."

"And where is the attack to be made first; do you know?"

"Attack!" he said laughing, "why it's only a sham — a mock battle; I have it from good authority that the whole affair is a mere demonstration gotten up to satisfy the honor of the National Guard, who have done nothing hitherto and refuse to give up without some show of fight at least. See! they've placed them in the center of the division."

It made one sick at heart after that, to look at these

poor wretches led away to slaughter, for no doubt there would be fighting, and hard fighting, and many killed ; and all this for honor. Truly, all men do not reason like Jack Falstaff on this subject. But by this time, a passage had been cleared in the road, and we were summoned to our posts, and whipping up, drove on to Rueil. On entering the village our carriage was stopped by some infirmiers of another ambulance, who wanted to transfer their wounded from the rude box wagon in which they were to our pendant couches. While this change was being effected, a crowd of habitans collected round the wagon, and insisted on my following them some distance across the way ; which I did with the best grace possible, my gray domino trailing behind and my cowl thrown back from the head. At the door-sill of a wretched hovel lay a soldier of the National Guard. He was pale, ill looking, with matted hair, unkempt beard, and covered with dust and filth. There was a group of boys and women around him, whether railing at him or pitying his condition, I couldn't very well discover. Supposing the man was wounded, and somewhat indignant that no one bestirred himself to help him, I strode authoritatively

up to his side, and bending over him, asked in my kindest and gentlest tones :

“ Ah, mon ami, qu’est ce que vous faites ? Avez-vous du mal ? ”

A grunt was my answer.

“ Etes-vous blessé ? ” I exclaimed in alarm, startled by his manner.

“ Non, M’sieur,” said a peasant, stepping forward and touching me on the shoulder, — “ Il n’est pas blessé ; mais seulement ” — and here he smiled for an instant, and the crowd — confound them ! — couldn’t restrain a broad grin “ seulement, vous savez, il est enivré.”

I found my way back to the waggon in safety, I believe. I do not remember, however, ever having said anything of this my first experience as an “ aide chirurgien.”

Our carriage was filled with wounded before we reached the Mairie, whither we had been directed to go, and accordingly we turned about and drove home to the ambulance as quickly as consistent with our load. Returning we found all the ambulance trains drawn up on the outskirts of the village, their drivers, aids, and hangers-on standing round on foot ; and we were driving on without stopping to inquire

the cause, when one of our own wagons came up on its trip to the city.

"You'd better not go on," halloed one of the gentlemen as we passed, "the shells are falling like hail."

"Pshaw!" we replied, "all nonsense"; and we went on.

It seems that the Prussian batteries had opened fire to dislodge some troops in the vicinity of the village; and every now and then a shell fell short of its mark and exploded in the street. In the narrow, dismal streets, there was no sign of life; even the closed houses seemed to be unoccupied. The shells rushed screaming over our heads, and just as we reached the church — the church where Josephine and Hortense lie, one struck the tower, and sent the pieces flying across the street. At the Mairie was a strange scene.

The front court was thronged. Round the steps and entrance of the building lay wounded soldiers, awaiting their turn to be attended to — bleeding and suffering, their wounds rudely staunched or bound with rent pieces of cloth, and their equipments and trappings strewn about in utter confusion. Straw and

dirt covered the pavement that was wont to be so clean and bright. Litter-bearers were passing in and out the doors; ambulance attachés and infirmiers were rushing aimlessly about among the wagons and talking in high keys; near the open gates soldiers and gamins and villagers were gathered, waiting to hear news of the battle from the mounted aids arriving every moment from the field. All was hurry and excitement. Men ran hither and thither, confusing the drivers, quarreling for the best places, jostling the wounded, and shouting for quiet, but never quiet themselves. At times the roar of artillery rose above this tumult, and the crash of a shell near by warned one of the nearness of the danger.

The interior of the Mairie presented a still stranger spectacle. The handsome, spacious apartments were at this moment nothing more than hospital wards. The beds, mattresses and brancards were so jumbled together that there was hardly room to pass between them. As you glanced over the rooms, linen, blankets, baskets, bandages, uniforms, side-arms, muskets, garments stained with blood, pale, wan faces, closely packed, met the eye in every direction; confusion, disorder, haste, and suffering all mingled. Sisters of mercy moved gently and swiftly in and out among the

rows of wounded, and in the general disturbance, preserved the same quiet mien and peaceful calm.

Frank and I were bandaging the shattered leg of a mobile, who was bearing the operation manfully, but with agony hardly repressed, when Baron Larré, as he paced restlessly up and down the apartment, caught sight of Frank in the act of putting on the bandage rather hurriedly and without the regular professional plait or turn, which indeed seemed to us scarcely necessary under the circumstances. The Baron stopped in his walk, strode up to the bedside :

“ Monsieur ! ” he said, and pointed to the bandaged member. There was a stern reproof in his voice and gesture impossible not to heed. The leg was dressed at length and with care, but the silent old man marched away shaking his hoary head and frowning.

During the day, our wagons made three successive journeys to Rueil and back, each one having thus traversed a distance of over sixty miles. With the exception of the scanty meal of coffee and bread in the morning we had nothing to eat until nightfall. We lived on the excitement and novelty of the incidents. One adventure we had is worthy of mention.

It was late in the afternoon, and we were on our

last trip to the ambulance. For some reason or other, Kent and I left the wagon for a minute requesting the driver to wait for us ; but when we returned, the rogue had driven off, and was now a considerable distance up the road, trotting smartly for the city.

“ What shall we do, Kent ? ” after we had stood for a full minute looking stupidly at the receding carriage.

“ Try to catch it, certainly. That’s all we can do now, for it may be the last wagon returning.”

So we braced up, and followed on a run ; but to no purpose : the wagon was soon lost in the distance. There was but one course left — turn and walk back in the hope of meeting another load home-ward bound. How dismal the avenue seemed, without a sign of life or habitation ! In former days this had been a fashionable drive, and used to be crowded with splendid equipages and gaily-dressed *promeneurs* ; now, not an animate thing was to be seen, the green trees that lined the walks were gone, only their stumps being visible — the houses were shut and barred, and the thresholds and gateways and gardens neglected and out of repair. As we entered the village, walking on the left side, several old crones, peeping through the

shutters of the upper stories of the houses, kept screaming to us : " A droite ! à droite ! pour Dieu, à droite !" and not without occasion, for a few paces further on we were startled by the explosion of a bomb near by. Quickening our step, we hurried on hugging close to the houses on the north side. There was an awful stillness in the streets, broken only by the occasional bursting of shells. It was like a city of the dead. Reaching the *Place du Caserne* — a spacious square set off by noble trees — we saw at the other end, a troop of cavalry taking shelter behind a high, strongly built stone wall. Here, edged in among the horses, we waited for some change of circumstances, which would be more favorable to our getting back to the city.

The Prussian batteries still keep up an unrelenting fire, sternly returned by the guns of *Mont Valerian*. Shells are falling in the square. A man at the other end of the *Place* darts from his doorsill, and runs for the north side. Unfortunate man ! There comes a whizzing sound, a flash, a report, and the form falls forward without an audible cry. Quick as he falls, two or three black-stoled figures rush forth from neighboring dwellings, pick up the body, and retire with it precipitately. Now comes a swifter

and more terrible messenger, exploding so near as to make the trained war-steeds snort and tremble. Look ! see how that little fragment tears up the roots of yonder tall tree ! But now the fire ceases for a time ; God grant it may be the last of it ! Some soldiers take advantage of the interval to scud away to a safer refuge. Bon, mes amis ! you are safe. Here it is again — whir, roar, crash, and the eternal din quicker, sharper, more deadly than before. What is it that holds the breath, weighs on the heart, fascinates the ear ? Self is forgotten ; thoughts of death and judgment will come ; the soul is strangely moved. Is this being face to face with the unseeable ? Is this fear ?

The square is becoming more lifelike. From time to time stragglers skulk cautiously along the safer side ; and ambulance wagons rumble by. But the shells fall thick as ever. One strikes the Caserne itself, and from the clouds of smoke rising we know it has caught fire ; word comes, however, that it amounts to nothing, and is being fast quelled. While still undecided what to do, a heavy omnibus loaded with wounded turns the corner, and in attempting to keep too close to the walk, is struck by a piece of a shell, its wheel wrenched off, and the conveyance

brought to the ground on that side. Assistance is speedily rendered, the break repaired, and the load sent on its way again.

The fire of the enemy was now changed, being so shifted as to come nearly parallel to our wall, and it was clearly time to move and seek other protection; so bidding our martial friends farewell, we joined a squad of National Guards just from the fields, and returning to Paris.

Some distance on, we came up with scores and scores of soldiers — principally of the Guard who had evidently just arrived from the scene of the conflict — muddy, ragged, hatless, weaponless, woe-begone as any body of men I ever laid my eyes on. One could not help thinking of Falstaff's raw recruits, only these poor fellows were rather to be pitied. They seemed to be utterly demoralized and shaken with fear; no doubt the roar of cannons was yet ringing in their ears, and they saw in imagination their broken ranks swept by the terrific fire of the enemy and the bloody corpses of comrades by their side.

From Rueil to Nanterre there is a long stretch of road, open and unprotected on either side. Looking toward Paris, Mont Valerian rises on your right; and this fortress was now the mark of the enemy's

fire. To traverse the road was to run the gauntlet of both cross fires. At the last house on the outskirts of the village we halted to decide upon the next course to pursue. Behind the garden wall there was a crowd of men awaiting a cessation of the firing; a few had dashed on up the road and could now be seen, alternately stooping down to avoid the flying fragments of bursting shells and rushing madly forward again.

“Shall we go on, Kent?” I asked.

“Are you willing to go?”

“If you are.”

“Come, then” he said, grasping my hand. We started, despite the warning cries of those behind, and ran; for long, intense minutes we ran, hand in hand, with the shells falling all around us. It was a wild, reckless race, but somehow we escaped injury, though at one time it seemed impossible. At the village we found one of our wagons in waiting, and jumping in with a sense of relief, drove home once more to the ambulance.

A hungry lot of gentlemen sat down to the supper-table that night. Wearied as we were, we were satisfied with the day's work and in good humor; the cold horse-meat strengthened and the wine warmed

us, and jokes and anecdotes of the day went round. One of the drollest — what might have been one of the gravest accidents — was the destruction of the coffee-machine. Late in the day it was separated from the rest of the train, and the chef and his subaltern were obliged to leave it for a moment. While away they were startled by a terrific crash, and returning, there lay the machine shivered to atoms! The chef was a nine days' hero. We afterward learned from the Prussian sentinels that their gunners had mistaken it for some new kind of war-engine, and opened fire upon it.

CHAPTER XII.

RENE, "THE AMPUTE."

HE had been brought in from the field of Buzenval late in the afternoon, suffering from an excessively painful wound in the left leg. In consequence of the large number of severe cases received, some — and poor René was among the number — were hastily and only temporarily cared for.

The next day, however, after a careful examination of the injured member, it was decided that his only chances of life lay in its amputation. Gradually and with as much gentleness as possible the alternative was made known to him. When the full force of the announcement came upon him — and it seemed some minutes before he apprehended its true meaning — he wept like a child, as indeed he was in feeling and education. He implored the doctors in the most supplicating tones to alter — to recall their decision ; he could not have his leg taken off ; he would die from the operation, he was sure he would. From this natural burst of grief, he sank into a momentary lethargy ; muttering to himself and ap-

pearing to forget the presence of strangers. His thoughts seemed to wander to his home, and broken utterances of "Father," "Mother" were just audible. At length, growing calmer and casting his eyes curiously about as one awakening from sleep, his gaze rested on the group by his bedside; and instantly realizing his position, the poor boy again gave way to a confused jumble of sobs and entreaties, until, exhausted by his efforts and loss of blood, he sank down, weeping, on his bed. For minutes, scarce a sound was heard in the tent save his stifled sobs and long-drawn breathing.

Then again he raised his head from his pillow, and attempted to turn over, but a darting pain caused him to cry out and fall back again. He lay looking up quietly at the top of the tent. Finally he threw an intelligent glance at the compassionate faces around him, beckoned the doctor to approach, whispered something in his ear, smiled, and closed his eyes, as if he were wearied and wished to be left alone. It had been a long, hard struggle, but it was over now, and René had declared himself prepared for the sacrifice.

The amputation was performed; René had recovered from the effects of the chloroform, and had

been transported from the dissecting-table to his bed ; there he was now smiling, chatting, free from pain, and calmly smoking a cigarette.

“ Well, mon garçon, how do you feel ? ” asked Kent, as some of us stood around his bed.

“ Ah, monsieur ! ” his look and gesture were more significant than words.

“ And the leg ? ”

“ Eh ! I do not understand, monsieur.”

Strangely enough, he seemed to have forgotten that any operation had taken place, and was totally unconscious that his limb was gone. It was not an uncommon occurrence, and perhaps in this case, the patient was not altogether free from the exciting influence of the narcotic administered during the amputation.

“ Why,” Kent replied in answer to his look of puzzled inquiry, “ your leg has been cut off ; that’s the reason you haven’t any pain, my boy.”

“ Ciel ! ” he exclaimed in alarm, beyond manner amazed by the news, and pulling up the bed clothes, surveyed the bandaged stump with a rueful and perplexed air comical to see.

“ Why, it’s like a big baby,” he said at last, and burst out laughing. He was happy after that dis-

covery, and insisted on everyone having a look at his "baby."

But this was not to endure. The reaction soon came, and with it pain and suffering; yet still the young amputé was hopeful. The rosy hue of health, which he had brought with him from his country home, was still on his cheeks, and his eyes sparkled with life and promise. All that could be learned from René of his life was that he had lived near Montfort, in the department of Ille et Vilaine, Brittany, and had worked first in the wheat-fields, then as a garçon in a café in the city. His parents were poor, and expected him to earn his own living; but when the war broke out, though only eighteen, he must leave his situation and his poor father and mother, and go and fight for his Emperor, and afterward for "La République." Can you not see in the history of this boy the type of many another guileless peasant lad of France? They come marching from the sunny land of southern France—the pleasant vintage-country—inspired with the glory of dying for "La Patrie;" the "Départ pour la Syrie" is on their lips, and the spirit of the Marseillaise in their hearts. This fair-haired, blue-eyed, soft-faced youth is one of that great band. He has spent most of his years in sow-

ing, binding, haying, reaping — in the rural occupations of a peaceful farm life ; he has had but little, if any schooling, but can tell his beads or repeat his pater noster or follow the litany ; an innocent, ignorant, mild, trusting, gentle spirit, on whom may God have mercy, for there are many such !

We have said that René was happy despite his sufferings. Yes, he certainly was. Whenever those who became interested in his case, brought him apples, oranges, or confitures, he would evince a gratitude at once lively and touching to observe. He had one simple, amusing way of expressing his thanks which I shall never forget : taking the visitor by the hand, he would gently insist on his or her sitting by his side, and still clinging to the hand, would alternately close and open his eyes, with an expression of sweet content on his face. One afternoon the Marquise de Borel came to him with some choice fruit, which she had procured especially for him.

“Je suis content de vous voir, Madame,” he said with his bright smile, and it would be difficult to reproduce in English, the deep feeling of these simple words. The dark, queenly woman sat down by his side, and leaning over whispered something in his ear. What a picture ! That proud, beautiful

lady with her flashing eyes and superb pose and cold hauteur, leaning over the poor, pale, suffering peasant lad in the ward here. She laid the fruit on the spread. The boy only glanced at the gift, then looked up into the donor's face with a thankfulness full and instinctive. He knew with the quickness and inborn delicacy of his race that the value of the gift lay not in the fruit itself, but in the benevolent intentions of the giver. Taking her hand in his, he said simply — and there were warm tears in those large black eyes that used to flash so coldly —

“*Le Bon Dieu vous recompensera.*” The next minute, the marquise was gone. People spoke of her generally as a lady of rank and a magnificent beauty, haughty and polished and unfeeling. How poorly we judge the “mighty, brother-soul” of man and woman !

As his convalescence went on, the only thing that seemed to give René much anxiety was the thought that he would be unable to go back to his old occupation in the café. It was strange how this apprehension haunted and troubled him ; and he was but partially consoled when it was explained to him that though he might be unfitted for active service of that kind, yet there were other trades to which he could

apply himself, if indeed his regular pension were not sufficient of itself to support him. Need it be said that, with the concern manifested in his fate, every attention which could be given, every aid which could be derived from nature and from surgical skill, and the most delicate food and strengthening drinks, were brought to bear to secure his recovery? In truth, René picked up, day by day, eating his dinners and drinking his wines with keen zest and appetite.

One beautiful day toward the approach of Spring, when the atmosphere was unusually warm and dry, our young wounded soldier was taken out on the grounds in front of the tent. He was sinking, we could not deceive ourselves as to that fact now; the doctor had ordered him to be brought out in the fresh air to see if that would have any effect. Poor René! it was the last time he should look upon earth and sky; and thank God! that earth was smiling and beautiful. It was a mild, calm day, and the heavens were clear and fair, and the breezes warm and full of the softness of spring. The rays of the sun played about the grounds, making the white tents glisten, and brightening the faded uniforms of the convalescents. Invited by the warmth and pleasantness of the weather they had come forth, and were

now basking in the sunshine or tottering about on crutches among their comrades who had recovered but were still clinging to the old home. Among their sickly faces, and bandaged and emaciated forms, were mingled gentlemen of the staff and the ladies who had come to read to or to amuse them. The flaps of the tents were thrown wide open, so as to admit the revivifying air to those who were still bed-ridden.

René saw it all, and a happier fellow never lived. He loved the bright, glorious day, with God's own breezes cooling his fevered brow and parched lips, and he wanted us all to come and see how happy he was, and to grasp our hands and look into our faces. Many an one parted from his weak clasp and joyous prattle with eyes full of tears. He taught us a lesson never to be forgotten. I believe he knew he could not last long, but the thought to him was not an embittering or fearful one; with his childlike faith in a great, good Father, he was not afraid to die. He could rejoice in the beauty of this world in the very face of death. But what was it he was trying to say? He seemed to be recalling something and with strong effort; he went on muttering inaudibly a minute, and then his face brightened, and

his voice grew distinct, and we could catch broken repetitions of

“ O ma chère Bretagne
Que ton soleil est beau.”

For a long time he lay in this state of tranquillity, with his head thrown back on the soft pillows and his eyes sometimes closed for weariness and again opened to greet a friend ; but always there was the same innocent, peaceful smile on his face. The beautiful spring afternoon glided away, and the shadows of evening fell ; and we carried him back to his bed out of sight of the loved earth still murmuring

“ Que ton soleil est beau.”

The remainder of his days on earth were days of anguish and suffering. In his moments of extreme delirium the gentle nature of the boy seemed transformed to that of a demon ; he would roll restlessly from side to side, cry and moan, displace the dressings, and injure his limb, all, apparently, without experiencing the sensation of pain ; his eyes would start and stare wildly, as if some terrific image rose up before his mind, his brow cover with perspiration and become pallid, his breath come short, quick,

and feverish, and darting thrills of pain distort the naturally placid face into spasmodic contortions awful to see. His moments of sanity and mental clearness were generally periods of utter prostration and exhaustion, and inevitably ended by launching the mind into its old course of disorder, not to be arrested by any opiate.

One peaceful night in the latter part of February, René lay as usual in his unconscious state, dreaming and moaning. It was about nine o'clock, and all the men were in their beds and fast asleep. A single lamp burned on the pole, and by its light we had been watching the sleeper. The doctor had just passed through the ward, and ordered the accustomed dose of chloral to be given, shaking his head sadly in answer to our inquiries about the boy. He was breathing heavily and laboriously, and his pulse grew gradually fainter and fainter. He was very restive, and sometimes talked incoherently.

"Que ton soleil est beau." The old strain came again! At ten o'clock he expired, very quietly, and unconscious of anything about him. Let us hope it was to see the dawning of a brighter sun and a better land than his well-beloved Bretagne.

A few days afterward the following letter was re-

ceived, which would lose much of its pathetic simplicity by translation, and is therefore preserved in the original.

A la Vilette,

le 26 fevrier.

Monsieur le Docteur,

Je m'empresse de repondre à la triste nouvelle que vous m'apprenez, en même temps vous remercier des bons soins que vous avez bien voulu donner à mon pauvre enfant, malheureusement inudite ; aussi, monsieur le docteur, j'ai bien reçu votre triste lettre, et je suis, monsieur, avec reconnaissance, votre toute

Devoué Serviteur,

JEAN DELAUNAY.

XIII.

DR. EVANS'S STORY.

ONE Sabbath morning in the middle part of February, we were gathered as usual round the breakfast table in the dining-room of the chevalier's Maison, discussing the fresh dainties recently arrived from Versailles. There was, however, a noticeable addition to our little party: Dr. Evans was with us this morning, bringing comforting news from the outer world and loving messages from anxious friends. He talked of the political state of Europe, of the position of England, and of the French armies in Germany and Switzerland, among which he had been carrying stores and clothing during the winter; but it was not till almost every other subject had been exhausted, that he at length referred to his participation in the matter of the flight of Empress Eugénie. To render his recital more intelligible, I have thought best to preface it by an account of the previous movements of the Empress compiled from a well-authenticated article in the *Siège de Paris*.

“On the morning of the 4th of September — so memorable, as the day of the declaration of the Republic — the Empress Eugénie rose at an early hour in order to perform the urgent duties which now devolved upon her as Regent of the Empire. She had had but little sleep the night before, as, indeed, had been the case for more than a month past ; for besides the anxiety natural to a good mother and wife, together with the novelty and peculiarity of her position, her rest was often broken for the purpose of announcing some important communication in regard to the war or the government. The Emperor a prisoner in Germany, the flower of the army ignominiously plucked, the Prussians advancing rapidly upon Paris, thousands deserting the city, the troops at hand mostly raw and undisciplined, Montmartre and La Vilette in an uproar, surrounded by weak and vacillating councillors, the situation of the Regent was perilous in the highest degree.

“On the morning in question she first attended service at the Grand chapel, and celebrated mass, performed since the commencement of the war four times a week in the private apartments of the palace. After charging her confessor with numerous charitable instructions, as was her wont, she passed from

the oratory into the Salle du Conseil. There, grave and anxious, were assembled the ministers of the Crown and the members of the Privy Council, deliberating upon the momentous questions in agitation.

“At half past eleven she sat down to breakfast. Some twenty-eight plates were laid; the service d’honneur was double. While presiding at the table with her usual gracefulness, despatches came, in quick succession, and from every quarter, announcing that the evidences of revolution were each minute increasing, and that every means was being used to resist and suppress the actors. Intelligence arrived, too, that an immense crowd of revolutionists were pressing on to the Place de la Concorde. Cries of ‘Déchéance!’ and of ‘République’ were heard everywhere. The police were disregarded and maltreated; bands of men paraded through the streets under the folds of the Red flag and shouting the *Marseillaise*. To such a height did this wild enthusiasm run that the unhappy Rochefort, liberated from prison, was borne through the city on a triumphal car, wrapped in a scarlet scarf and escorted by an immense mob. Troops had been drawn up under arms in the Cour du Carousel before the façade which faces the garden; but the orders of the Empress were that there should

be no bloodshed: 'Toutes les calamités,' she nobly exclaimed, 'excepté la guerre civile,' and such had been the substance of her answers to all the despatches received that morning.

"At half past twelve the crisis arrived. The deputies of the *Tiers-parti*, headed by M. Daru, were admitted to the palace, and, having gone through the ceremony of introduction demanded by court etiquette — not a point of which was omitted or passed hurriedly over at any time throughout this eventful day, though the rabble were at that moment knocking at the doors of the Corps Législatif — were received by the Empress with a sad smile. She knew too well that they had come to propose the alternative of immediate abdication.

"The particulars of that interview are not known. Her Majesty merely answered their counsel by saying somewhat ironically that — 'The ministers were at the head of the government to propose measures of usefulness to France, and that if they thought abdication necessary, the abdication should be signed.' Warming as she proceeded and gaining firmness from their very look of purpose, her earnest voice could be heard now and then as the door of the *salon* opened and shut, appealing to the timid counsellors around

her and endeavoring vainly to arouse their courage and strengthen their loyalty. But even while she was speaking, word came from the Corps Législatif that the agitators were plotting openly in the Salle des Pas; and while her ministers were urging her to the step that she had a strange foreboding would give the death-blow to the hopes of her family, the clamors of the populace rose from the street and filled the Salle du Conseil. Troubled and abashed, the deputies of the *Tiers-parti* at length withdrew, leaving the Empress leaning against the mantel-piece, looking sad and thoughtful.

“ About two o'clock, when the uproar of the multitude around the Corps Législatif was at its height and the great change was being effected in the government of the nation, the Tuilleries was the scene of a gloomy gathering. The splendid suites of apartments were thronged with Officiers de Service — not one of whom, it is said, was absent — several members of the Corps Diplomatique, gentlemen of the Service d'Honneur, all the Dames d'Honneur who remained, and other ladies of high rank attendant on the court — all assembled, grave and silent, to make their last devoirs to their imperial mistress. It was

a trying and impressive occasion, but the Empress bore up well till she came to take leave of the pious Clotilde, her cousin, and then it was, remarks the writer of the article, a spectacle of ‘simplicité touchante.’

“ Meanwhile a few gallant young gentlemen of the Service d’Honneur had gathered in a knot in the corner of the *salon*. With a tinge of the chivalric spirit of the middle ages they were animated with the heroic resolve to accompany and protect the Regent in case she should be forced to fly. Should she be surprised by the mob, fired with enthusiasm, they had determined to die for her the glorious death which the mousquetaires died for Marie Antoinette. But, like a breath of air on a pane of glass, they appear, and as quickly disappear; wills are not performances after all.

“ But the minutes were flying. While the Empress was holding an interview with the ambassadors of Austria and Italy, messengers came time and again post haste from the Corps Législatif with the news that the chamber was being invaded. M. Chevreau, who had succeeded in forcing his way through the crowd, declared that the building had been given over to the mercy of the mob. No time was to be

lost; the smiling presence of Jerome David alone was sufficient to indicate the seriousness of the situation. The question finally arose, since it was deemed necessary that the Regent should depart for very life's sake, whether any one had procured a carriage or provided any other way of escape. No; nobody had thought of that, and it was now too late. It was at this moment, however, that the Empress evinced her fortitude and promptitude in action: calling to her the various officers of the household, she gave them her last orders, and then turned to General Millinet:

“ ‘General,’ she said, ‘can you defend the chateau without use of arms?’

“ ‘Madame,’ replied the old defender of the Tuilleries, ‘I think not.’

“ ‘Then,’ exclaimed the Empress, ‘all is lost. We must not add civil war to our disasters.’

“ And turning to those to whom she had not yet bade farewell, she offered them her hand without saying a word. As her ladies of honor thronged about her, she said to them kindly:

“ ‘Stay here no longer: time passes,’ but still continuing to press round and kiss her hand, she gently freed herself, and, accompanied by the Prince

de Metternich and Chevalier Negra, tottered to her apartments pale and trembling.

“I had ensconced myself in the embrasure of a window,” continues the narrator, “to conceal my emotion, when a curious spectacle presented itself to my view. Just below me was the garden of the Tuilleries. Some foot soldiers were stationed before the façade of the palace at order arms. Far in the back-ground, nevertheless, shadowy forms seemed now and then to come out of the trunks of the trees only to fade away again. They were the envahisseurs approaching with great discretion. The sight of the troops had inspired but tolerable confidence. Little by little they became bolder. The scattered shadows became a crowd of people ; the crowd of people was changed into an ocean of heads, dark, noisy, and compact. A confused clamor, drowned sometimes by the Marsellaise, rose from this dark mass, which spread slowly around the exterior circle of the private garden. I was considering how it would have been possible to stem this ocean, which had burst through its dikes, when M. de Cossat Brissac, the chamberlain of the Empress, entered the *salon* and said aloud :

“ ‘ Her majesty thanks you all, and bids you re-

ture.' There was a moment of indecision. Then the *Officiers de Service* approached.

" 'Our duty bids us remain here as long as the Empress remains,' said they 'Can you give us any assurance that our presence is no longer needed?'

" 'Messieurs, you have the permission of her Majesty, and I may say all is well.'

" Hands were shaken in silence, and in a few minutes all that was left of the court following were gone.

" The interview between General Millinet and the "*parlementaires*," the harangue of the general, his declaration that the Empress was no longer at the palace, and the promise of the crowd to be *gentil*, followed and need not be detailed. Meanwhile the Empress assisted by Mme. Lebreton had donned a dress of mourning and made her final preparations for departure. Unwilling to expose any of her officers to danger for her sake, she had claimed the protection of Messrs. Metternich and Negra, whose diplomatic rank rendered them secure from injury. Before leaving her room, it is said that she cast one fond look on the portraits of the Emperor and her son, and retiring to her oratory, knelt at the altar and offered up a short, simple prayer. As she rose to proceed to the *Gallerie du Bord de l'Eau* she was

observed to show no outward signs of perturbation, but her resolution seemed firm and unshaken.

“ On arriving at the doors which connect the Tuilleries with the Louvre, they were found to be closed. Closed ! This was their only way of escape. Diligently did they search for the keys, and by a fortunate chance, they were secured. The little cortége stood at last in the open air on the Place St. Germain l’Auxerrois.

“ But while the Empress, Mme. Lebreton, and Chevalier Negra were awaiting the return of the Austrian ambassador, who had gone in search of a fiacre, one of those meddlesome *gamins* of the street, chancing to shuffle along in their vicinity, caught sight of the well known features of the Empress behind her veil. In his wonder the boy cried out—

‘ Voilà l’Impératrice !’

“ Then would the escape of Her Majesty have been foiled had it not been for the coolness and ingenuity of the Italian diplomatist. Taking in at a glance the peril of their situation, for the place was filled with passers-by, the chevalier, forgetting for the moment his plenipotentiary dignity, but still in exercise of

his powers extraordinary, answered the young gentleman's indiscreet exclamation by a vigorous kick. Then siezing him by the ear, and taking care so to tweak it as to allow the "petit bonhomme" opportunity only to struggle and groan :

" ' Aha ! you young blackguard,' cried the pitiless chevalier, — ' you will shout Vive la Prusse, will you ? I'll teach you, sirrah, to be a better patriot than that ;' and dragging him away from the spot where the imperial party were just entering a carriage, he did not let go his hold nor cease his imprecations until the coachman had whipped up his horses and dashed away. The Italian had played his part well ; the Empress and her companion were beyond reach before the spectators realized what had occurred before their eyes."

At this point the Doctor began his story.

" On the afternoon of the 4th, Dr. C—— and myself met at the ambulance, the tents of which were just then being pitched, and after arranging some business matters, drove together in the landau to my house, where I expected to have Dr. L—— and Mr. W—— at dinner. I left the Doctor in the carriage in front of the house, informing him I would be back immediately."

Here the speaker stopped, and requested Dr. C. to tell what next came about. Thus appealed to, Camden stroked his whiskers, blushed slightly, and, seeming to ask confirmation for every word he uttered, began.

“ Well, Doctor, I hardly know what to say. I waited there in the carriage over an hour, wondering at your prolonged absence ; and I was on the point of going to the house at the end of that time, when Célestine was ordered to drive inside, which he did, stopping at the portico. I then got out and entered the hall, and walked toward the Doctor’s office trusting to find him there. Before I reached the door however, the Doctor appeared, and putting his finger quickly on his lips, bent forward, and whispered in my ear, ‘ Can you guess who is here ? ’ and before I could answer, he whispered still lower — ‘ the Empress.’ With this astounding piece of intelligence, he led me into the office just opposite the parlor. The Empress and Mme. Lebreton were in the latter room.”

As Dr. C. concluded, Dr. Evans took up the thread and continued :

“ Her Majesty consulted us in regard to the safest and quickest way of leaving Paris. While we were

talking my dinner-guests arrived, and I requested Dr. C. to apologize for my absence and perform the duties of host, while I made haste to make the Empress and Madame Lebreton as secure and comfortable as possible. After doing all I could in that direction, I rode to Paris for the purpose of ascertaining the state of popular feeling toward the refugee. Stopping at the Tuilleries, whither I had directed Célestine to drive first, I got out and walked round among the soldiers congregated there, engaging the most intelligent of them in conversation.

“From the Tuilleries I drove to several other places, and inevitably found that the general feeling was against the Empress. Later in the evening I went to two or three barriers in different quarters of the city to see if they were open or not. Returning I gave the Empress an account of my discoveries, and a long conversation ensued, in which it was finally settled that Her Majesty should remain in the house over night, and in the morning set out for the coast by carriage. I have now in my possession a little railroad time-table, which is pencilled from page to page by the Empress, who, as she turned over the leaves, apparently found each train better than

the last. I value it highly as a memento of the flight.

“ At twelve o'clock the dinner party dispersed, and I gave orders for some food to be warmed, and meanwhile took to the Empress myself some of the remains of the collation. Dr. C. went to Paris to see what he could discover. To prevent the possibility of discovery, I made the Empress's bed with my own hands, and placed my comb and brush on the bureau — taking care to extract the hair — and hunted up a couple of my wife's night-dresses.

“ About one o'clock the Empress and her companion retired. Once locked in their rooms, I summoned Célestine, and reprimanded him for having admitted these two German women to the house, for he had been deceived by the Empress's accent, and taken her for a native of that country. ‘It's bad enough,’ I said to the man in a severe tone, ‘to admit these people on week days; but to let them in on Sunday, the only day when I can get any rest, is something for which you merit dismissal. And the consequences are, I am obliged to keep them over night, for they have no place to go. Do better in the future;’ and having thus disposed of him, I ordered the rest of the servants to bed, and the house being

now quiet, Dr. C, who had returned from the city, and myself also lay down for a little repose.

“Next morning I was up at half past three o’clock, and calling Célestine, bade him get the carriage out as quickly as possible. About four o’clock I knocked at the door of the Empress’s room. I fancied, as I stood waiting her response, that there was a striking similarity between the position of Marie Antoinette the morning of her execution and the present position of the Empress Eugénie, and I trembled to think that I might be knocking her up to the gallows. By half past four they came down stairs, and partook of a hurried meal. It was a little after five that the carriage, with the Empress, Madame, the Doctor, and myself within, left the house. ‘When you come to the Porte Maillot,’ I said to Célestine, ‘and the officers order you to stop — do so.’ But when he comes to the window to examine my passes, whip up your horses, and then, go on !’

“Arriving at the barrier, the Doctor filled up one window on one side with his head and shoulders, and I the window on the other, in such a way that both the ladies were effectually concealed from observers on either hand. As the officer approached,

the horses started as if in affright, and then dashed on. So far, so good.

“Passy was our first stopping-place, then St. Germain, then Poissy, and finally Ventres (so the doctor pronounced it), where we drove into a small lane to rest the horses awhile. I left the party here, and walked to the village, a little way beyond, to find out whether any rumor of the Empress’s flight had reached the place, and also, if possible, to procure another carriage and fresh team of horses. I went directly to the inn, and giving out that I had come to bring the news of the republic to the family of Count —, whom I had attended professionally in Paris, asked for the largest and most comfortable carriage they had in the neighborhood. I finally secured an old fashioned conveyance, and jumping in, bade the driver take the nearest road to the Count’s. Now I hadn’t the faintest idea where the gentleman lived, and — would you believe me? — the man started in a direction just opposite to where my friends lay. However, I let him drive on till we were out of the sight of the owner of the carriage, and then told him to turn round and go the other way, as I had some friends whom I wished to see before going on. A little extra *pour-boire* overcame his hesitation,

and by further persuasion, and promises and threats, I at length succeeded in getting the Empress and the rest in the carriage, and once again we were moving along at a smart pace."

Something occurred to interrupt the Doctor here, for the notes which I took at the time break off suddenly, and do not recommence until the party reached the coast. I can, however, recall such incidents as the Empress eating a scanty lunch out of the Doctor's beaver, sleeping in the corner of the carriage covered only by a great-coat, and their passing through villages crowded with men shouting "Vive la République" and "à bas l'Empereur." At the coast they embarked on the yacht of Sir John —, and set out on their voyage across the channel.

"The water was very rough," continued the Doctor, "and the tide running full and strong. We cast off, however, and headed for Ryde, whither we had predetermined to go. The night was dark; we couldn't see far ahead; and the winds blew with considerable violence. The sea on was too much for our frail craft. All reckoning was lost by some mistake of Sir John's, and everyone on board, except the deck hands, was fearfully sick. Farther out on the channel the boat was spun round like a mere feather;

it seemed impracticable to keep up any sail in such a sea. The men reefed and reefed, but it didn't seem to do any good, for we were shipping buckets-full of water every minute. Sir John —— became uncontrollably wild, and declared the yacht would inevitably swamp and they all be drowned. The Empress said calmly that she was prepared, and I buttoned my coat up for the last swim. Sir John managed to spread out his charts on the cabin table, to find, if possible, whereabouts we were, when the vessel gave a one-sided lurch, and away went charts and compasses. 'For God's sake,' he called out to the pilot, 'tell us where we are.' He was altogether *hors de lui*, as the French say, and cursed us for bringing him out to his death. Seeing his incapacity, I took command of the boat myself, and ordered the pilot to tack, tack, tack. Hour after hour we sailed on thus, in momentary expectation of wrecking. But after a long, long struggle, the sea abated, lights appeared ahead, and pretty soon we were alongside the wharf at Ryde.

"A pretty spectacle we must have presented! Indeed, we were literally turned off the dock for vagabonds. By dint of perseverance we finally found the hotel, and it was with great relief and satisfaction

that we knocked at the door. It opened at last, and the head of a waiter was poked out cautiously, and after scanning us closely from head to foot, 'what do you want here?' said a gruff voice. We wanted rooms, of course; we were shown to the third story! It was useless to expostulate — impossible to explain, so we took up with what we could get. The Empress's clothes — a black silk mourning dress — was wet through, and in order not to excite suspicion, I took it down stairs to the kitchen and dried it myself before the fire. In answer to impertinent questions, I said that my wife preferred that her husband should dry her clothes.

"In the morning we took the train to Brighton, where we expected to meet the Prince Imperial, whom the Empress had not seen in several months. I learned by the papers that he was not there, but in Hastings, a place by the way, I had never heard of before; so not knowing but it might be a mere village, I determined to go and fetch the young Prince to Brighton, and bring about the meeting here. But all my planning was upset by the Empress's eagerness to see him, and I was obliged to take her to Hastings, though not at the first daring to tell her that her son was in town. As soon as

possible I went to the Prince at his hotel, and was received with every demonstration of joy. He wanted to know if I could tell him of his mother, and burst into tears at the question. Yet he seemed to have a vague consciousness that I had come with some good news, and his gratitude and gladness were unbounded, when little by little, I broke to him the fact that she was safe and unharmed, and would soon clasp him to her breast.

“Returning to the Empress, I tried to quiet her apprehensions by saying that I had heard Louis was well and would soon come to her, but nothing would answer under a complete account of my morning visit; and no sooner had she learned his whereabouts than, ordering Madame Lebreton to follow, and dragging me along, she led us into the street, and jumping into the first cab that came in the way, carried us per force to the Prince’s hotel. At the door of his room we were confronted by an English servant, who demanded our business, ‘We want to see the Prince,’ said I. ‘You can’t see him, sir,’ was the sharp reply. ‘But we must,’ I went on, ‘we are friends of his;’ and then followed a storm of words, until thrusting the thick-headed, obstinate boor aside, and opening a door, I led the Empress and her companion in, and

then went into the Prince's room and tried to compose him for the interview. Then, when I thought he was sufficiently calm, I led him to the Empress. You may imagine what followed. When their greetings were over, the Empress took Louis by the hand, and pointing to me, said with emotion, 'There, my boy, is your mother's savior.' The warm-hearted little fellow rushed into my arms, and sobbing, thanked me over and over again."

CHAPTER XIV.

THE PRUSSIANS.

ON the morning of the first of March, the Prussians were to enter Paris. Frank and I were delayed in our dressings in the tent, and did not get away from the ambulance until nearly nine o'clock. As soon as relieved, however, we hastened over to Col. O'Flynn's apartments in the avenue de la Grande Armée, and rushed up into the saloon in the most approved Parisian fashion. The colonel was at breakfast, but young Washburn was in the room thrumming on the piano.

He told us he had been there all the morning with his father, the Doctor, and some other gentlemen, awaiting the entry of the troops, which troops hadn't come, except the van-guard, much to the disappointment of the old gentlemen. The first to cross the draw-bridge, he said, was a queer old codger, with a slouch hat and shabbily dressed, and bestraddling a spare-ribbed nag of the Rosinante species, who, unknown and mysterious, rode leisurely up the avenue,

disappeared, and never turned up again to mortal eye. Then there came a detachment of six troopers, and following them, the squadron escorting General Von Kamecke to the palace of Queen Christiana. He supposed these to be the advance-guard of the corps that were being reviewed this morning at the Hippodrome by Kaiser William and staff, and which, no doubt, would put in an appearance later in the day, perhaps in a half-hour or so from now. Consequently the better plan for us would be to stay and keep him company.

It was a dark, lowry morning, and as we looked from the balcony, the avenue appeared dreary and desolate. The stores and dwellings were closed and barred fast; only here and there was there a shutter thrown open, and you might be safe in presuming that those apartments were occupied by foreigners. A few doors below us the stars and stripes were hanging from a window sill. From the Arc de Triomphe to the barricade at the Porte Maillot — each side of the avenue was thinly lined with spectators, mostly street boys and laborers. The respectable class of Parisians was snugly housed, and discountenanced demonstrations of any kind. Such a day had not been since the coup d'état of Napoleon; the whole

city was in mourning, covered with sackcloth and sprinkled with ashes.

The time passed wearily. Washburn was drumming on the piano, and the sounds came to us through the open window mingled with the hum of a voluble party below on the sidewalk. The notes struck no responsive cord in the heart, but fell on the ear flatly and without harmony. Finally there was a stir around the Porte, a troop of gamins rushed across the drawbridge, and a cry of "les Prussiens" was heard. "They're coming," I said, poking my head in at the window. But it was only a few horsemen after all; they rode leisurely up the avenue, erect, broad-shouldered, impassive, with carbines and clanking sabres and glittering helmets. The gamins followed at their heels, maintaining a musical howl all the way, until they disappeared around the barrier d'Etoile.

Another long interval intervened, and then squads of six or seven men, commanded by lieutenants, began to arrive. The officers with lists in their hands, elbowed their way among the groups on the sidewalks, in quest of the houses where their troops were to be lodged. 20,000 men were to be billeted in that way.

One of these squads had seated themselves on a

bench directly beneath our balcony. It was not long before they were completely hemmed in by a constantly increasing crowd of excited Frenchmen ; but they were tall, powerful, good-natured looking fellows, and appeared to be more amused than anything else at the gesticulative antics and blustering bragadocio of some of the Sans-culottes about them. We were looking down and admiring their off-hand self-possession, when a sudden movement in the throng about the Arc de Triomphe attracted our attention thither.

The next minute a middle-aged, respectable-looking man forced his way out of the mass of brown blouses, and darted rapidly down the avenue, pursued by the crowd with hue and cry. Faster and faster he sped, now springing to this side, now to that, to allude the grasp of outstretched arms pressing closer and closer. "Un Prussien ! un Prussien !" was the cry of the pursuers. Now we could see the despair depicted on his face ; he seemed to see death on all sides. They were trying to cut him off in front ; he saw it, and great God ! — the anguish in his look. He halted, hesitated, glanced wildly on one side, and then on the other, and, for the first time apparently, caught sight of the squad sitting on

the bench below our balcony. It was his last hope, and every nerve was stretched to the utmost to reach them. Unfortunate hesitation ! The crowd was upon him ; amid the mass of heads and the clouds of dust he was lost to view. All was confusion and clamor ; the fierce shouts of the blouses, the compact mingling and glancing of figures, the tossing of arms and caps, and the dust enveloping the whole, rendered it impossible to discover anything. At length, a hat was hurled high in the air ; the crowd gave way a little ; the wretched victim for an instant appeared, struggling desperately in the hands of the crowd. Ha ! he has wrenched off their grasps, and was free once more, flying toward the Prussian squad. Pale, breathless, bleeding, hatless, and his clothes torn and muddy, he threw himself exhausted at their feet.

Heretofore indifferent, seemingly, to the fate of the man, they now rose up, placed the fugitive on the bench, and turned to meet the pursuers. The blouses were furious ; they pressed round the little guard and demanded in high, hot tones, the release of the spy, as they alleged he was. But the Teutons didn't seemed to understand at all. They were laughing quietly among themselves at the dapper little man who seemed to be the leader, and whose shrill, piping

tones could be distinguished above all the rest. Galled by their cool and unconcerned attitude the crowd closed thicker and nearer. They shook their clenched hands in the Prussians' faces ; now one made an eager dart at the trembling form of the offender. To these and bolder endeavors the little guard paid not the slightest heed.

Emboldened by this stony impassibility, two or three big-shouldered, brawny-armed ruffians, made a sudden, headlong dash. Backed by the tremendous weight of the crowd, they laid their very hands on the victim, and it seemed as if they could not but be successful. But that instant a low, quick word of command was heard ; before the steady front that faced them the blouses quailed. The formation of a circle, the unslinging of the rifle, the ominous click of the trigger — that was all ; in three minutes not a human being could be seen within two hundred yards. The Prussians dropped their muskets and proceeded to load them !

They are comical little fellows — these *blouses*, and yet not so very comical either, when once thoroughly enraged. Now, there is Jean at the ambulance, he is an excellent type of the Parisian working-man, short of stature, broad about the shoulders, low-

browed, and dull of comprehension ; and yet that is only a small part of Jean. He appears to be by nature, or by prolonged degradation, like the slave, fitted for manual labor only, and yet he is not, like the slave again, resigned and impassive ; rather he will struggle, resist, rise, and strive to burst his bonds, like the wild Norman horse with which you sometimes see him represented on French canvass. His political creed, if a blind following of the crowd may be so called, is narrow, for he is always, on the principle of present interest and reward, an Ultra and a Red. In his own eyes, he is an humble and lowly individual, living obscurely somewhere in Belleville or the Faubourg St. Antoine, except, perhaps, in times of anarchy and the Commune, but — poor man ! — unwittingly he is the most important and troublesome personage in France to-day. Like Ginx's baby, he is the problem of charities, benevolent institutions, and the national government. "What shall we do with him?" and Prudhomme, Louis Blanc, Hugo, and the *savans* have been echoing the question. The bourgeoisie—respectable shopkeepers and estate-holders — are in mortal dread of this man, and would go far to win him over to their side, if they could. Even Louis Napoleon condescended by pe-

riodical fêtes and shows to conciliate him, and his sharp-witted sister, the fisherwoman of the Halles ; and did he not, say some, make Paris a great quarry in order to build another Athens, and rob the provinces to pay the workmen ? Yes, this good natured blouse that is seen returning from his work in the evening with pickaxe and trowel, exerts an extraordinary influence on the government of France, despite his boorishness of manner and his lack of an Elysée education.

In ordinary times his wants are few, and those surprisingly simple : he is content to work hard and dine on his four-sous meal of a bit of bread and a dish of black beans, scarcely dreaming of meat oftener than twice a week. He is civil, ignorant, and laborious, and, above all things, keeps his proper place. But now he draws his daily one franc and fifty centimes, and rations of bread and a hundred grammes of meat for his family, if he have any ; with nothing to do but strut along with a musket on his shoulder and live like a nabob off other people's money (which he never has shown the slightest reluctance to do), he is in the seventh heaven of Mahomet. Still he is brave, honest enough, and sensible

when it is a question of fighting the Prussians, who, to be sure, are worse than the bourgeoisie. He would sooner, to use Jules Favre's florid figure, bury himself under the ruins of Paris, than capitulate. He is eager to march outside the *enceinte* and be led against the German foe, but he has no leaders, at least none whom he does not distrust. Consequently he will hoist a flag and go to the Hôtel de Ville and "manifest" for the Commune, which means everything and anything. "What shall we do with him?"

There were no further incidents of particular note in the morning, only the artillery and the baggage trains coming in, for the entry of the troops was not to take place until the afternoon. When we left the avenue, it was blocked up most effectually from the Arc de Triomphe as far as the eye could reach westward.

The afternoon was bright and pleasant, and after partaking of a hearty dinner, we joined a group on the avenue de l'Impératrice to await the arrival, already so long delayed. There was the Marquise de Girard, who had had her easy chair wheeled out in front of the ambulance grounds, with one of her maids on one side and the big zouave of No. 4 on

the other. The ancient mariner, whom the lady had now taken under her special care, lay at her feet with his crutches beside him; he was unusually flighty and caustic this afternoon, and the Marquise had fallen to bantering him in her bright, vivacious way. She had acquired an unaccountable fondness for this wild-eyed Breton, and kept him more than half the time at her own house, indulging all his whims and fancies with an almost maternal affection. As for the big zouave, he stood there with his fez thrown back in jaunty military fashion, exposing a broad, sun-burned, good-humored countenance, calmly smoking his cigarette, and casting sheep's eyes at the rosy-cheeked maid.

"Will petit Guillaume come in on a chariot?" asked the maid.

"Non," said the mariner, "only on a pumpkin."

"I do not believe he will come at all, petit," the Marquise said.

"May I ask why you believe so?" asked the zouave, addressing the lady, but glancing aslant at the maid.

"Oh, he's afraid."

"No, it's not that," decided the mariner snap-pishly.

“Well, what then?”

“Why he’s gone to embrace his dear brother, Badinguet, and write a letter home to Madame l’Impératrice.”

This sally was received by the Marquise with a burst of laughter. The mariner replied only by producing his handkerchief, and blowing his nose with trumpet-like effect.

“Pardon him, madame,” explained the big zouave seriously, “he comes from Finisterre.” It seems that in other parts of Brittany the use of a handkerchief for this most necessary operation is considered a piece of luxurious affectation.

“Hist! I hear music somewhere,” said the Marquise.

“’Twasn’t the low sound of a trumpet, was it, Madame?” asked the zouave, removing his cigarette to give utterance to a hoarse guffaw at his own humor.

He was rewarded with a saucy smile from the maid, and then we all stopped to listen. A faint strain of music, now rising and again sinking fitfully, was borne to us on the wind that blew lightly from the west. Louder and louder rose the strains, until the different melodies could be readily distinguished, and no doubt remained of their coming from the brass-

bands of Germany. Soon the head of the column appeared, away down the avenue, near the Bois, and took of its line of march in the direction of the Arc de Triomphe and the Champs Elysées.

First came the Bavarians, short, sturdy, stolid-looking men, who having borne the brunt of war, now were honored by holding the van, the post of honor in the entry. Hartman's 2d, who had fought so bravely in the bloodiest battles of the campaign, were particularly noticeable for their hardy and veteran-like appearance. Regiment after regiment with now and then a superb brass-band, marched by, and everywhere the same admirable order was preserved and the same strict discipline evinced. Perhaps the only breach of regulations was an act of genuine good will and compassion on the part of the soldiers : in passing by our position, several of them threw cigars at the feet of the big zouave. He had stretched out his huge limbs on the sward for greater ease and comfort to his wounded leg, but was upon his feet in a twinkling, cursing and raging like a madman ; he stamped on the conciliative offerings with a fiendish satisfaction, and shook his clenched fists at the wondering donors.

Strange ! the ways in which this people express

their likes and dislikes. A crowd is gathered at the barricade in the avenue de l'Impératrice looking toward the Fort Mont Valerien, as it looms up stern and awful some fine afternoon with all its bristling batteries at work. "I wish," exclaims a bright-eyed young lady of strong patriotic tendencies, all her enthusiastic admiration expressing itself in impossible longing, "Oh *how* I wish you were here that I might kiss you!" "Let me carry the kiss for you," replies a quick witted zouave, and they embrace amid the cheers of the crowd. On the other hand, their aversions are equally intense. Hatred of priests and priesthood, for instance, takes a peculiarly violent and blasphemous turn. At the Salle Favié an excited orator, utterly unable to find sufficient expression for his deep and bitter feeling, wants "to mount up into the heavens, like the Titans, and plunge his poignard in this miserable God of the priests" (*poignarder ce miserable Dieu des prêtres*) awful blasphemy against High God! and how received? "Want a balloon for that," retorts a wit, and with a hollow laugh the dreadful mockery is passed around. Contrast with this the grand outburst of Thackeray in reference to Henri Heine's frightful words, "Dieu qui se meurt."

Before the zouave had well regained his equanimity, the long blue line of Bavarians had passed, and the Prussian Guards arrived. Tall, intelligent, noble looking fellows, their array, with its rows of brazen helmets and gleaming barrels and shining equipments, was remarkably fine. The Marquise's eyes glowed admiringly ; she could hardly forbear, much as she detested the Germans in general, showing her admiration of the magnificence of their physique and the precision of their marching. Even the ancient mariner gave utterance to a grunt of approbation, and watched the Schutzen and the Jagers, as they passed in turn, with a sharp and understanding eye, repeating *soto voce* at the same time, "Tarteifle !" — "tarteifle !"

Then came the Leib regiment, the flower of the army, and which corresponds to the Queen's Guard in Great Britain. Every man is selected for his height of stature and strength of build, as was the case in the similar organization of Frederick the Great, and taken altogether, perhaps a finer body of men could nowhere else be found. They had just come from the review at the Hippodrome, and were sprinkled with dust, but it in no wise marred the splendor and perfection of their line and manœuvres.

They marched with the nicest exactness, and with a long step. The Germans are in general more powerful men than the French, and the actual weight they carry less, so that they are able to outstrip them in route-marching. It is notable that at one period of the war the French army under MacMahon only covered a daily length of ten miles, while the German army under the Crown Prince accomplished, in the same portion of the country and in the same time, a distance of over twenty miles. Not one of the marches of the Prussian army during this war, however, can compare with the marches of the French under the First Napoleon. They were still passing, battalion after battalion, when our attention was attracted by a horseman pulling up by the side of the big zouave, who had dragged himself to quite a distance from us to get a better view of the troops.

We had observed the horseman in question riding down the avenue at a break-neck speed toward the Porte Dauphine, and thought nothing of it until he reined up his steed before the zouave. He was in civilian attire, and looked like some plain, insignificant man, who had come in with the army on business — perhaps a reporter. He leant from the saddle, and spoke to the zouave, evidently, from his

gesture, asking about his wound. Whatever the tenor of his enquiries, they met but with an ill requital of abuse and insult. "Curses on you — curses on you, Prussien !" we heard amid a fearful storm of execration.

"It's Bismarck," said Kent, looking keenly at the rider's face, "as I live, it's Bismarck."

"Bismarck ! — bah !" and the mariner spit out the word with a comical expression of disgust.

"Bismarck !" echoed the Marquise, with a slight scream, and then with a shrug of the fair shoulders and a glance of contemptuous disdain, "*oh le coquin sinistre !*"

In another minute the great diplomat was off on a canter, and before long disappeared altogether. Before the excitement occasioned by this little episode was over detachments of cavalry had begun to arrive. Mounted dragoons with clanking sabres, and huzzars with high-crowned hats and plumes, rode by in close ranks; cuirassiers resplendent in helmets and silver breast-plates followed; then there were the Uhlans, who, with their long lances and fleet coursers used to prowl about the outposts of the French, and when given chase to, disappear

suddenly, like the dusky Bedouins of the desert ; and the heavy-armed dragoons, alongside of whom the Uhlans looked like mere fancy warriors ; and finally the rumbling artillery, and the engineers of the Guard, bringing up the rear.

The chains about the Arc de Triomphe had been removed, and the whole army passed underneath. Above on either side were inscribed the names of Jena, Auerstadt, Wagram, and many another victorious battle of the first Napoleon over the states of Germany ; but when the shadow of the great monument, erected on the very graves of their vanquished fathers, fell upon them, it seemed as if the rankling memories that those records were fitted to arouse were all swallowed up in the overflowing sensation of present triumph. Cheer after cheer rose from the van, and was echoed down the line ; the bands clashed in higher strains ; the soldiers marched with a lighter and prouder step. It was a moment of great joy, and pride, and exultation. Their mission was accomplished, their labors for the time ended, and they would soon return to their Fatherland, and receive the meed of victory.



RESERVE



RESERVE

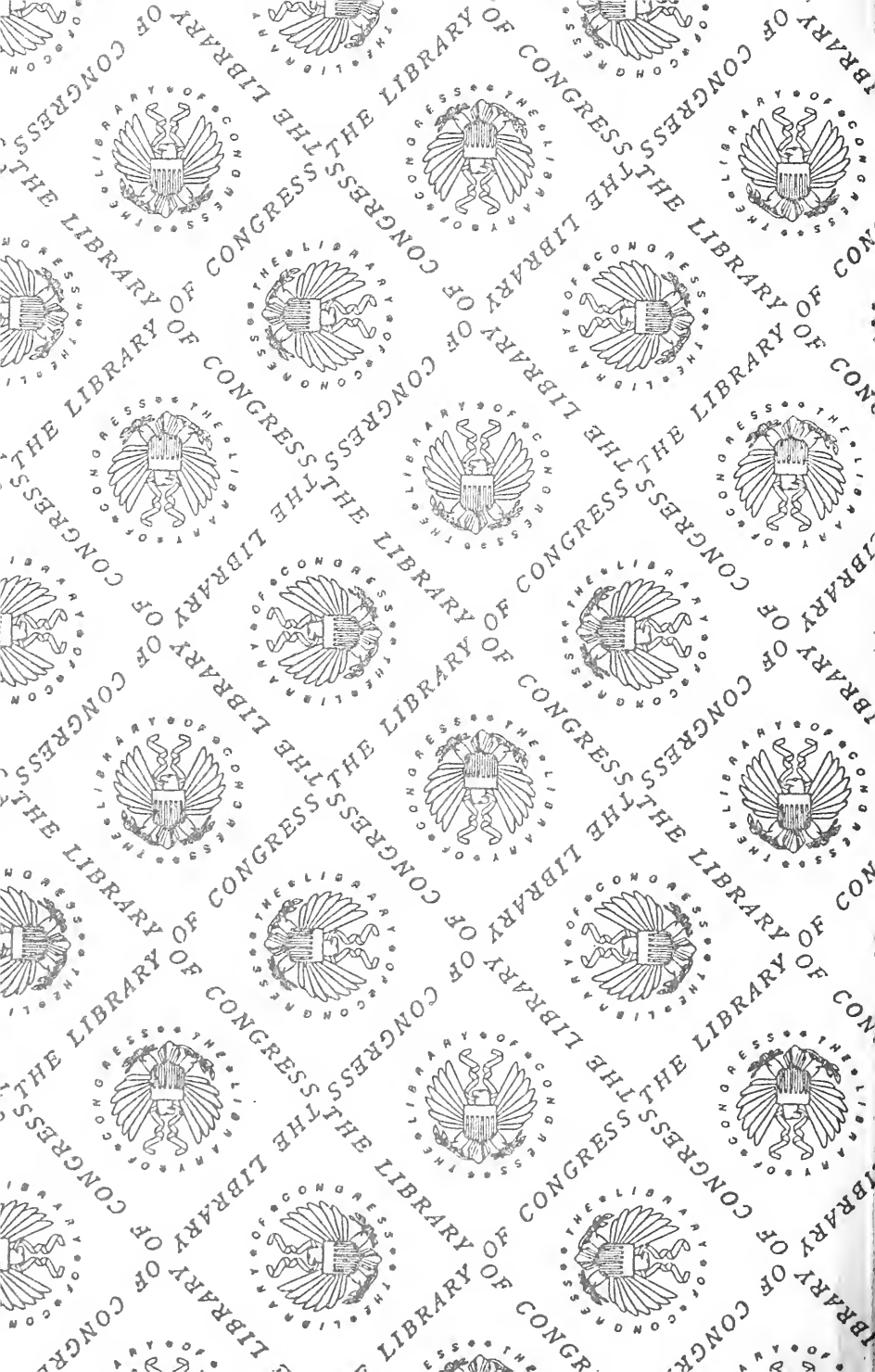


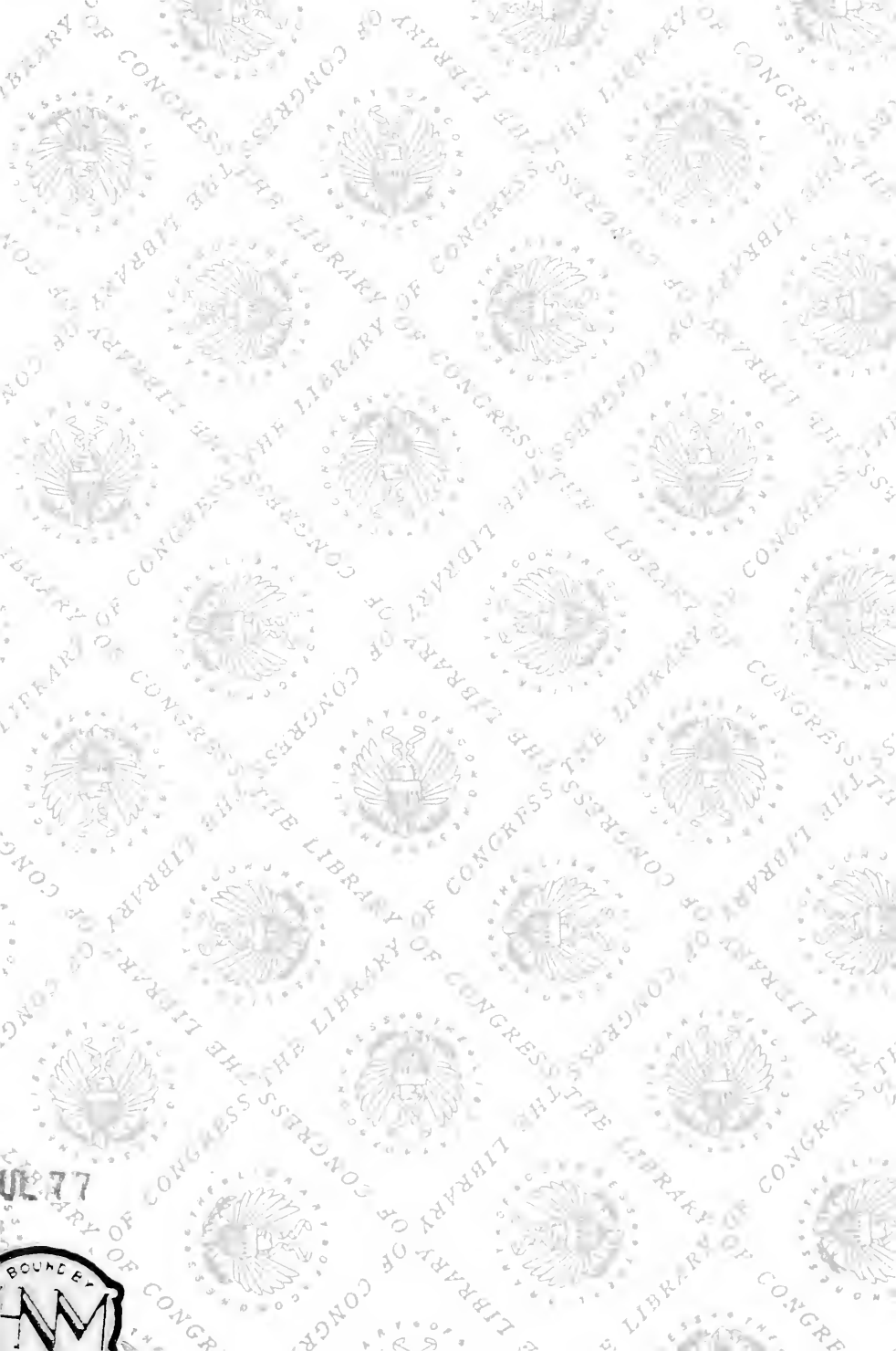
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